Wonders in the Sun,

OR,

The Kingdom of the Birds;

A

Comick Opera.

With great Variety of *Songs* in all kinds, ſet to Muſick by ſeveral of the moſt Eminent Maſters of the Age.

Written by Mr. *D'Urfey.*

LONDON,

Printed for *Jacob Tonſon*, within *Grays-Inn-Gate*, next *Grays-Inn Lane.* 1706.

THE Reader is desired to take Notice, That several of the Songs will be omitted, the Performance being too long.

TO the Right Noble, Honourable and Ingenious Patrons of *Poetry, Muſick, &c.* The *Celebrated Society* of the *Kit-Cat-Club.*

THIS

COMICK OPERA,

IS

DEDICATED

BY THEIR

Moſt Humble, and moſt

Dutiful Servant,

T. D'URFEY.

Dramatis

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Domingo Gonzales. *A Spaniard and Philoſopher, over Curious in Natural Productions and Secrets in Aſtronomy.*
Diego. *His Man, very Cowardly and Peeviſh, to find himſelf in ſuch Diſtreſs, by ſerving his Maſter.*
} Belonging to the World of the *Earth.*

Dæmon *of* Socrates.
Viceroy
Vicequeen
} *Of a Province belonging to the* Empe-rour *of the Sun.*
Deviling. *A Courtier and Principal Favourite to the Viceroy.*
Bellygorge. *A* Bramin *or Mufti.*
Coverfool. *Taylor or Dreſſer to the Court* Solars, *alſo* Tamer *and* Keeper *of the* Monſters, Solar *Philoſophers, and Guards.*
} Belonging to the World of the *Sun.*

King Dove.
Plumply Lord Pheaſant. *A Prince of the Blood and nearly related to* K. Dove.
} High Flyers.

Croak Lord Raven. *Lord High Chancelor and Preſident of the Court.*
Strut Lord Cockerel. *High Steward and Conſtable.*
Magpy *Abbot of* Buzardland, *and* Woodcocks.
Sir Robert Red-breaſt. *Secretary to the Preſident.*
} Painted figures belonging to the *Kingdom* of the *Birds.*

Sir Pratler Parrot. *Favorite and Hiſtorian to the King.*
Sir Owle Mouſer. *Kings Attorny General.*
Sir Chatter Jay, *Sir* John Daw, *two Eminent Lawyers.*
Sir Crane Talbird. *Captain of the Guards.*
Screechowl *and* Ninnyhammer, *the King's Phyſitians.*
Thruſh, Nightingal, Blackbird, *Muſicians in Ordinary.*
Sir Epicæne Bat. *A Trimmer between both Parties.*
Turtles. *Two Choriſters, and Genij of the Birds.*
Eagle *and* Vulture. *Two Serjeants or Purſuivants at Arms.*
Mr. Baron Wigeon, *and Mr.* Juſtice Gander, *two Judges.*
} Low Flyers.

The Scene a Luminous Country, adorn'd with Gorgeous Rays of the Sun.

Em-

Emblematical Figures, *performing* Odes, Dialogues, *and Humerous* Songs *in the* Prologue, *and ſeveral* Acts *of the* Comick Opera,

In the Prologue.

Genius *of Poetry.*
Apollo.
Calliope.
Orpheus.
Euridice.
Satyr.

In the firſt Act.

Honour.
Courtſhip.
Modeſty.
Hoſpitality.
Vain Promiſe.
Flattery.

Performers in the Vocal Muſick, and Repreſenting Vertues and Vices of a Court.

In the ſecond Act.

Induſtry.
Profuſeneſs.
Lewdneſs.
Infidelity.
Faction.
Moderation.

Performers in the Vocal Muſick, Repreſentinting the Virtues and Vices of a City; with an Emblematical Dance of Six High-Flyers, and Low; viz. *Profit, Avarice, Subtlety, Caution, Stubborneſs, Whimſey.*

In the third Act.

Sport.
Innocence.
Ignorance.
Houſwifery.
Iriſh
Scotch
French
Engliſh

Natives.

Performers in the Vocal Muſick Repreſenting the Vertues and Vices of the Country.

Blackbird.
Turtle.
Nightingal.

Choriſters.

IN.

INTRODUCTION
TO THE
PROLOGUE,
By the *Satyr*.

THis Evening's Entertainment, you may gueſs,
Without much Study, by my homely dreſs;
Satyr's the Theme, but yet ſo nicely ſhewn,
'Mongſt all the Faults, ſcarce one will ſee his own:
For as the Poet makes a Beaſt of me,
Brids, Sprights, and Monſters, all the reſt will be;
This, Stealing out, I thought was fit to ſay,
For you'll have no ſet Speech before the Play.
That were to do the Rules of Opera *wrong,*
So, in new Mode, the Prologue's *to be Sung;*
An Act in length, I hope 'twon't be too long.
This Novel Whim, he hopes will pleaſe the Town,
So I ſneak off, the Machine's, *coming down.*

[Exit.

THE Wonders of the Sun, OR, The Kingdom of the Birds.

THE PROLOGUE.

ALL SUNG

Prepar'd by Inſtrumental Muſick. And after the laſt Symphony the Genius of Poetry *appears, Crown'd with* Bays *and* Sings.

Gen. THe Genius of ſweet Verſe am I,
And happy Prologue to your Joy:
'Tis I, that laſting Altars raiſe
To Poets Crown'd with Sacred Bays.
I Uſher great *Apollo*,
Whoſe darling Muſe does follow;
To grace this glorious Scene,
That muſt our brighteſt Goddeſs Entertain.
With full delight then Feaſt your Eyes, and Ears,
The Soul of Muſick and Immortal Wit appears,
[*Exit.*

Enter Apollo *and* Caliope.

Caliope. Divine *Apollo*, God of Joyful day;
Who cheer'ſt the World with thy Celeſtial Ray.

Inſpiring all that follow thee,
With Muſick and delightful Poetry.
Turn, turn, ah turn, thy dazling Face,
Caliope to Grace.
Let thy Flame breathing Courſers Idle be,
And reſt from Toyle to day, to Pleaſure me.

Apollo. My Love, my Muſe, thou faireſt of the Nine,
More Precions to me, than my ſtate Divine.
Why would'ſt thou from poor Mortals take that light,
That Raviſhes their Souls and Joys their ſight.
Tell me ſweet Charmer, tell me true,
Why you this Cruel Suit purſue?
The God of Wiſdom, muſt have Juſtice too;
The God of Wiſdom &c.

Caliope. Orpheus my darling Son; [*Another Movement.*
Nor is he only mine:
But all my hopes does Crown
My Soul, by being thine:
He that with God-like Grace
His Fathers Image wears,
And in whoſe Glorious Face
The charm Divine appears,
He ſhares your Muſick, ſhares your Wit,
Celeſtial Verſe too, Strong and Sweet;
And now on *Thracian* Plains
Regales with heavenly Lyre, the Satyrs Nymphs and Swains.

Apollio. And theſe ſoft Strains for me to hear
You'd ſtop the Courſe of my Career:
Ah, look not with that killing Grace,
Veil thy ſweet Eyes, and lovely Face;
Men call me God of Wit, how can it be
When I'm thus Fool'd by my *Caliope.*

Caliope You are above what Malice ſo intends
No, no, *Apollo* no,
It never, never can be ſo;
He is not Fool'd, who greatly Condſcends.

Apollo. My Life, my Soul, it shall be done,
The Globe to day shall want a Sun;
Thick Foggs shall rise from foaming Seas,
The damps shall Choak mild Zephires Breez;
The Bladder'd Clouds shall burst with Rain,
And deluge o'er the Flowry Plain.
Thus once my dear to Pleasure you,
As in the Worlds affairs 'tis oft found true,
The Lesser shall be Blam'd, for what the greater do.
Calipe. This Grant has blest me, please then first to see
Some Comick Sport, a Satyrs Court to me.
Contract your Beams, and mark our Railery.

Enter a Satyr who with Mimical Gestures addresses to Caliope *and Sings.*

Satyr. Last night when *Phœbus* went to Bed,
And I, my Evening Goats had Fed;
Concluding Sport,
I Stole to Court,
To listen, what the fine Folks say'd;
Where now my Heart is made a Prize, [*Sees Caliope.*
To one that wears black Rowling Eyes;
Be kind then Dearest of all Dears,
For I'me in Love up to the Ears.

Caliope. If you Love me, you must prepare,
To clip your Horns and shave your Hair;
Instead of causing Love you scare.
The Hoofs too hid within your Shooes,
In Bed a tender Maid will Bruise,
They must be par'd:
Satyr. With all heart;
Nor will I Cry oh, at the Smart.
Caliope. Then come, and the new Mode I'll shew,
Trick and Dress ye like a Beau.
Satyr. How, shall I change this matted Hair?
Caliope. You must a Peruke Powder'd wear.
Satyr. But then my Face's Tawny red,
What, what can mend?

It must be Fley'd;
With boyling Water I'll begin,
To Fleece ye from that sallow Skin.
Satyr. 'Twill Scald, 'tw'ill Burn.
Caliope. Fy, fy, no, no, or if it do,
Some trouble you must undergo,
Or you can never be a Beau.
Satyr. For Love of thee, I'll do't my Dear,
Say next what Habit must I wear.
Instead of hides and broad Figg Leaves.
Caliope. A Coat with Huge, long, slouching Sleeves;
A Hat Cock'd up with Button fast,
A Steynkirk hanging to your Wast,
'Tis all the Mode.
Satyr. An Apish sham,
Gad-zooks I'm better as I am.
Caliope. Nay then farwell.
Satyr. Oh say not so;
Caliope. Then dress, and dare not answer no
I can Love nothing but a Beau.
Satyr Then take me and model me just to thy Mind.

[*Another Movement.*

Since Beauty much stronger, then Reason can bind,
I'll once be a Coxcomb,
Caliope. Why then I'll be kind,
Whatever Improvement from knowledge may be,
When a Female's in th' Case;
Ev'ry Male is an Ass,
And the Man and the *Satyr* agree.
Chorus of both.
Whatever Improvement, &c.

[*She runs away, He after Her, but seeing* Apollo, *runs off Frighted another way.*

Apollo Smiling. Thus, thus will it ever be
Whilst Love and Beauty reigns;
The High and Low degree,
From Kings to humble Swains;
The Old the Young,
The Weak the Strong;

The

The Beaſt the Man,
All, all, all, all, do what they can
To wear the Fair one's Chains,
And thus will it ever be;
Whilſt Love and Beauty reigns.

Caliope. With Love and Beauty Muſick does agree,
Behold dear *Orpheus* with *Euridice*,
Attending by his ſide;
Fair as the *Paphian Venus*, ſhe,
And he the *Thracians* Pride.

Enter Orpheus *and* Euridice.

Apollo. She, to the Spring may her ſweet bloom prefer,
And Rival fair *Aurora*'s Grace;
The youngſter-ſure has juſt bin Courting her,
And been deny'd the kind Embrace.

Caliope. No, no, ſome petty Jars that riſe;
From Jealouſy or Conjugal Advice,
Have been paſt hours beguiling:
Thoſe who Loves flame do always melt,
And never quarrel, never felt
The Joy of reconciling.

I.

Orpheus addreſſing to *Apollo.* *Jove*'s beſt belov'd if dear I am; [*Another movement.*
Since Orpheus, is my happy Name;
Remove this Clog, and do me right,
[*Pointing to* Euridice.
She now is paſt reproof or Grace;
And with that Simple married Face,
Still haunts me like a Spright.

2.

Euridice addreſſing to *Caliope.* Fair Royal Muſe, as from the ſhame
Of *Thetis* Bed you'd *Sol* reclaim,
Regard my Care and Aid my Cauſe;
To this cool ſhady verdant Grove:
His hopes to purchaſe a new Love,
The Wanton Rover draws.

Or-

3.

Orpheus. Can you blame me if I wish; [*Another movment.*
For ſome new Regalia
That ſo long have had a Diſh;
Call'd a dull *Sponſalia.*

4.

Euridice. Slender Diet lengthens Life;
Olio's all are fulſome:
No Phyſician's like a Wife,
To give Medicines wholeſome.

5.

Orpheus. Happy freedom Joy does breed,
When we Feaſt at leiſure;
But to be compel'd to feed
Takes away the Pleaſure.

6.

Euridice. Thus inconſtant Men are cloy'd
With the ſweets of Beauty,
Thinking Love ne'er well enjoy'd,
When it taſtes of Duty.

7.

Orpheus. Since 'tis ſo, to end the Strife,
Let this Sentence eaſe ye;
All Men know, a Wife's a Wife,
Tho' they're bound to pleaſe ye.

8.

Euridice. Huſband too, a Huſband is,
Tho' you hate to hear on't.
And ſince change allows ſuch bliſs,
Why ſhould we not ſhare on't.

Or-

Orpheus. Our Maſculine Powers [*Another Movement.*
Euridice. You fancy, muſt rule us.
Orpheus. Prerogative's ours.
Euridice. And ſo you would fool us.
Orpheus. Come, leſt you prove angry, let's kiſs and be Friends.
Euridice. For wrangling, the beſt and the ſweeteſt amends.
[*Embrace ſmiling.*
But more to endear me, tune, tune the ſoft Lyre,
Trees, Birds, Beaſts, and Fountains with Muſick inſpire
My *Orpheus* in Song, Art and Nature excels,
And can, when he pleaſes, charm every way elſe:
We may laugh thus and rally, to paſs away time,
But no Love, as ours, is ſo ſweet and ſublime.
[*Embracing.*

Chorus of both. *We may laugh*, &c.

Then this Ode is performed by Orpheus *alone. The Words made to a pretty, but very difficult Tune of Mr.* Eccles.

Orpheus. Groves and Woods,
Hills, Rocks, and Mountains,
Springs and Floods,
Clear Brooks and Fountains,
Birds and Beaſts that range with pleaſure,
Hear, hear,
The Charm of my Voice,
Make haſte and appear
To Dance a gay Meaſure,
And *Phœbus* pleaſe, with Nature and Arts valu'd Treaſure;
Haſte and ſee that no Sluggard refuſes,
Flora,
Delighting, like new-born *Aurora*,
To baniſh the peſt of *Pandora*.
[*Here the Scene changes, imitating the motion of Trees, and Fountains.*
I ſummon thy Jeſſmine and Roſes,
Ye pretty young Nymphs with your Poſies,
Come away,
When I Sing and Play,

No Creature,
In Nature,
Be late here,
But wait here
From *Vulcan*'s hot Bellows,
Air, *Neptune*, or *Tellus*;
The Thruſhes
From Buſhes,
And Prickets
From Thickets,
Come whisk it,
And friſk it,
And ſkip it,
And trip it.
In honour of Love and the Muſes.

[*Here follows a Dance of Silvans and Nymphs.*

Apollo. Behold, behold, how joyful Nature ſmiles,
And ſpreads her Beams around theſe happy Iſles,
Caliope. To charming Muſick, heavenly Poetry,
The World henceforth ſhall all united be.
Euridice. Our future Days ſhall for the paſt attone,
The Lyrick Artiſt ſhall no longer moan,
But ſing of ſovereign Grace and Bounty ſhewn.
Orpheus. Rais'd Fancy, diſtinction to prove ſhall preſume,
'Twixt *Ovid* in *Pontus*, and *Ovid* in *Rome*.
Auguſt *Gloriana* inſpires all the Train,
And now will the Golden Age flouriſh again.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

The End of the Prologue.

ACT

ACT I.

Scene *Changes to the first, and Discovers a Bright Luminous Country, wherein* Gonzales *and* Diego *appear. A Machin hanging in the Air at a small distance, with* Gonzas *Harness'd to it.* Gonzales *is Sad and Musing,* Diego *Fretting and Chasing about the* Stage.

Gonz. EVery day, since by the seasonable Flight of the *Ganzas* there, and th' effort of Artful Curiosity, we have been in this Sunny World; these Ravishing Objects and Sounds have Entertain'd us, 'tis wonderful! but come *Diego*, now let's go and seek some Roots for our Dinner; Roots are the proper Diet of Philosophers, wise *Epictetus* speaks Divinely of 'em.

Diego. What was he? a Hog, or an *Elephant*, for no other Creature cares for that sort of Diet that I know of, [*Peevishly.*] for my part, I am sure they agree scurvilly with me, I hate Sallad without Oyl and Vinegar. — Ah! if your *Tetus*, and the rest of ye, have no other reward for your Philosophy but Starving, ye are all Wretched Scoundrels, by this Light. [*walking about disorderly.*

Gonz. Methinks those Creatures there should teach thee Patience, thou seest they are Contented. [*pointing to the* Ganza's.

Diego. They, ay, they are Geese, but Troth now I think on't you are in the right, and I should, like them, be Contented too, being so nearly related to 'em; for had I been any thing else but a Goose, I had never serv'd a Philosopher, nor flown with him by a Project here into the Sun, to hunt for Knowledge in uncertainty, and Strave in reallity.

Gonz. Thou art as Snappish and as Surly as a Covetous Lawyer to a Pauper Client, that has no Money, for sure there's no such danger neither; the Trees and Bushes round us shew, that here is Variety of Sustenance.

Diego. You have hit it, here is shew enough indeed, and 'tis only shew, for the Devil of any Substance can I find. Oons the Country is all Inchanted; Nature is bewitch'd here, and all things contrary to their seeming. I got this Morning into an Orchard, hard by, for I knew, that if Hunger could break Stone Walls, it might as well leap Hedges; The finest Orchard, to my thinking, full of all sorts of the most delicate Fruit.

Gonz. Where thou haſt Gorg'd thy ſelf, I warrant, for all thy Grumbling.

Diego. Yes, yes, you ſhall here how I Gorg'd my ſelf, I ran and Pluck'd an Apple, and giving it an Eager bite, Gads-bud, broke two of my Teeth on the firſt onſet.

Gonz. What? it was not Ripe perhaps.

Diego. Ripe, no nor like to be, why 'twas nothing but a Stone, a delicate Colour like the fineſt Ruddy Cheek'd Juicy Apple in the World, and within nothing but Grit and Sand hardned together: a meer Brick-bat, Gadzookes.

Gonz. I Confeſs, the Property of things are ſtrangely different from our World, for a little way off there too, I my ſelf thought to pull a Radiſh, and 'twas no ſooner out of the Ground, but it took fire, fell a Whizzing, and went off in my hand like a Squib.

Diego. Odzooks, I'm diſtracted about it; then going a little further, my Mouth water'd at a *Peach-Tree* juſt by, and thinking to grubble 'em, the Fruit prov'd to be Tennis-Balls; fine tempting Cerries too babbing at my Noſe, when I thought to regale upon 'em, were nothing but brittle Berries of red Glaſs, made on purpoſe to decoy ſilly Birds, and more ſilly Phyloſophers that mount into the Sun, with deſign to live upon an odd Fooliſh method call'd Eating, Eating, de hear Friend. [*Snappiſhly.*

Gonz. Nay, nay, now I muſt Philoſophiſe, Patience *Diego*, have Patience.

Diego. Philoſophiſe! now by the ſweetneſs of that pretious Reſtorative call'd a Parſnip, the nouriſhing Juice of that moſt Delicious Creature a Turnip, the Golden Treaſure of the Luſcious Carrot, the *Quandum* Deities I ador'd and now have only the happineſs to Swear by,--Name it again, and I grow Mad-Stark, Raving-Mad: Ah Plague on your Philoſophy; this is your World in the Sun, you us'd to brag on Oh I ſhall burſt with Choler. [*Frets up and down.*

Enter the Dæmon *of* Socrates.

Gonz. Silence you Rogue, and down on your Knees, ſee who comes yonder.

Diego. I'm ſhot, amaz'd confounded, I never ſaw ſuch a Creature in my Life. [*They Kneel.*

Dæmon. How fares the Learn'd Philoſopher *Gonzales*, --nay, my fam'd Son of Art, you muſt not kneel to me, I am your Brother.

Gonz.

Gonz. Oh, mock me not bright Viſion, I beſeech thee.

Diego. Oh Lord Sir, his Brother,— what de'e mean Sir, he is not worthy Sir, to wipe your Worſhip's ſhooes Sir, as the ſaying is —oh Lord, you his Brother —— ſweet Sir.

Dæmon. As a Philoſopher and Poet, thou art my Brother, which has made me bring theſe Divinities, whoſe abode is in this Region of the Sun to entertain thee with the famous Fable of *Orpheus*, —— nay more, I have reſolv'd to be thy Friend, I have been Privy to thy late attempt, of coming hither to theſe Sunny Manſions; and ſince a generous Thirſt of knowledge mov'd thee, will to my Power Guard thee from ill Accidents, —— know therefore I am the *Dæmon* of fam'd *Socrates*.

Gonz. My better Angel.

Dæmon. And tho' I now appear Cas'd up in Fleſh, Lively Complexion'd, ſanguin'd young and active, yet am I Air, and, except to thee, will be to all Inviſible.

Gonz. What you think moſt fit.

Dæmon. Two Thouſand Years and upwards, ſince the Death of that Philoſopher, I've carefully Employ'd in Arts Improvement; I firſt in *Thebes*, Taught wiſe *Epaminondas*; then turning over to the *Roman* ſide Eſpous'd the Party of the younger *Cato*.

Gonz. the Worldadmir'd your fame, the Learned *Cardan* ſtill doted on your Tenets.

Dæmon. He had reaſon, I Taught him many things, *Trithmethius* too, *Cæzar*, *La Broſſe*, and the occult *Agrippa*, were all my Pupils, beſides a new Cabal of Wiſe young Men, Vulgarly call'd the *Roſacrucian* Knights, thoſe were, ſhould I dilate their Vertues fully, the very Keys of the cloſe Locks of Nature.

Gonz. *Goſſendus* too in *France*, and *Campanalla*, and were under your Inſtruction.

Dæmon. I taught 'em both.

Diego. He has Taught every, body— hum, a Spirit does he call himſelf, by thoſe Roſie Gills of his, I fancy a little of the Fleſh too, would be not falſe Latin— 'tis the oddeſt prating little Devil of an Angel I ever ſaw, I'll ſtick cloſe to him, faith.

Dæmon. I had diſputes too with ſome Theologiſts, but I found they were proud and given to Controverſy, ſo I ne'er went to Church.

Diego. Nor I, the Doggs were us'd to bark me out again, the Maſs-fed Curs ſmelt, me to be a Stranger.

Gonz. Friend, methinks your Manners ſhould ſhew themſelves a little amongſt your Betters by ſilence. But, my good Genius, if I may

be ſo bold to ask the Queſtion, what brought ye to this Kingdom of the Sun.

Diego. Oh Phiſolophy, Philoſophy, a new Maggot, his head's full of 'em.

Dæmon. The Serene Climate and the Air, I knew moſt proper for a Spirit of my nature; beſides the Bountiful ſupply of Delicates to pleaſe the Taſt and Smell, make this *Elizium* rather fit for Angels than Mortal Creatures.

Gonz. Troth, it muſt be for Angels indeed, for by what I can find, 'twill Nouriſh none but ſuch as feed on Air.

Diego. Bountiful, did he ſay, 'gad I can hold my Tongue no longer, I muſt ſpeak my mind now, let the Philoſopher Frown or do what he will, — Hark, Sir, Sir *Radiant Sun-beam*, what ſhall I call ye; Bountiful do you ſay this Place is: yes, if where Peaches prove Tennis Balls, Cherrys Glaſs Berrys, and Pippins are Brick-bats, be *Elizium*, here is Bounty indeed, the Souls of the Poets and the Coxcombly Lovers, will have a rare time on't here, I was at ſome of their Delicates this Morning, but inſtead of breaking my Faſt, gad I broke, my Teeth upon 'em.

Dæmon. Oh, I perceive then, Friend, you were got into the Land of Artificials!

Gonz. The Land of Artificials.

Dæmon. Ay, good *Gonzales*, it's bounds come near this Place; for you muſt know, that in this World o'th' Sun, are ſeveral Tracts of Land of ſeveral Natures, ſome Artificial are, and others Real.

Diego. Oh, one ſollid Ounce of Reallity that's Eatable, my dear, dear *Glorificabilus*,

Dæmon. The one it ſeems you know; but now in the Province where I reſide, all things are contrary, the full grown Peach there bluſhes on the Bough, Mellow'd for Appetite.

Diego. Godzooks, what, and to be Eaten?

Dæmon. Grapes ſwell'd with ſprightly Juice, whoſe charming Vertue would make a Man a God.

Diego. What, and to be drunk? Ah ſweet, ſweet Grapes!

Dæmon. Cherries, like Virgins Lips, Red, full and Powting.

Diego. Oh heavenly Similitude! what, and may one play at bob with 'em?

Dæmon. Then for the common Diet of the Vulgar, your Kid, your Veniſon, and your new fall'n Lamb, your *Swan*, *Brant-Gooſe*

Gooſe, *Puffin* and *Autumn Plover*, your *Wild-duck*, *Partridge*, *Ortolan*, *Quaile*, *Wheat Ear*, *Wood-cock*, *Snipe*, *Widgeon*, *Teale* and *Larks*, by Dozens, fall down into your Diſh all ready Roaſted.

[Diego *leaps at every Word, and ſeems Raviſh'd.*

Diego. Odſheartlikins, and de'e call this Vulgar Diet, O Lord, I'm Suffocated, Tranſported at the Deſcription: Ah, dear, dear *Seraphick Glorificabilus*, as I ſaid before, let me but be one of thoſe Vulgar, let me get Footing in this Land of *Canaan*, and then.

Dæmon. Oh fye, Friend, you diſgrace your ſelf to think on't, this is the Food appointed for *Slaves*, *Vagabonds*, *Beggars* and *Poltroones*, the *Rabble* of the Sun; but for Philoſophers, and ſuch as belong to them.

Diego. Pox take 'em, the very Word makes me keck, as if I had took a Vomit.

Gonz. Well, and pray Sir, your Philoſophers, what muſt they feed on?

Dæmon. Steams, luſcious Fumes, rich edifying Smoak.

Diego. Humh. [Diego *looks Blank, and ſhakes his Head.*

Dæmon. Repaſt for Gods, or Men with God-like Natures.

Diego. For Gods, for Devils rather, if they muſt feed on Smoak. Oh, Gadzooks, now the Ague in my Guts begins again.

Gonz. Defend me Heaven what's that? [*A Squawling Noice within.*

Dæmon. The Viceroy, and his Guards, are coming to Seiſe you, you muſt ſubmit to their Power, I'll be Inviſible, but ſtand by ye ſtill.

Gonz. My Angel, for that ſhall be the Name I'll call ye, my Life depends wholly on you.

Dæmon. Fear nothing. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE the Second.

Enter crawling upon Hands and Feet, two Solar Lacqueys *Antickly dreſs'd; then enter* Coverfool Friſking, *and carrying two Bridles; then ſeveral* Solars *with Papers, and one with a Mattock; then riding in an open Chair upon* Solars *Shoulders, Viceroy, and Vice-Queen; then Devilling and Bellygorge, before whom* Gonzales *and* Diego *are brought in by* Solar *Guards.*

Gonz. Bleſs me! what a horrid Crew are here!

Diego. Horrid Crew, Oh very fine Perſons, curious Companions

ons for Sun-ſcalers and fooliſh Philoſophers, theſe are your Vertuoſo's you us'd to brag on ſo. Oh *Diego*, *Diego*, what will become of thee? [*Wrings his Hands.*

Gonz. By *Plato*, and the reſt of the *Sages*, all my Reaſon cannot hinder me from fear, Angel, dear Angel, where art thou.

Dæmon. Here, cloſe by thee. [Dæmon *appears.*

Gonz. Oh for Heavens ſake ſtick faſt to me, for I find I ſhall have great want of thee, ſweet Angel.

Diego. Nay, thanks to Philoſophy, we are in a rare condition--want him, 'dſheart we ſhall want a Troop of Angels to ſave us from all theſe Devils —Well, no one knows his deſtiny, but little did I think to have taken a Journy to Hell by Altitudes.

Dæmon. Nor ſhalt not now, theſe are no Devils but Humanes, all as you are.

Gonz. Why do they Crawle ſo then.

Dæmon. Oh, 'tis the Cuſtom here, and wiſely too, for if we reflect on th' Bodily's Situation, we cannot but Imagin all ought to walk ſo; Infants we ſee by nature Crawle on four till rais'd upon their Feet with art and care; beſides, Reaſon muſt own the Groveling Poſture moſt proper for our eaſe.

Diego. Why truly, ſince that Reverend Bard there and my ſelf, have made our ſelves ſuch Monkeys to get hither, I confeſs 'tis the fitteſt Poſture that can be for us.

Gonz. Yet here are ſome I ſee, who walk as we do.

Dæmon. Oh, yes the Guards, all that bear Arms, or if employ'd in any Office that requires it, then they can uſe all Poſtures as now that Friſking Grinning thing there.

Gonz. A ſtrange Creature indeed, what is he, I beſeech ye?

Dæmon. Why that's their Taylor, his Name is *Coverfool*,--he is, beſides the keeper of the Viceroys Rarities, his ſtrange Birds, Beaſts and Monſters and to dreſs 'em Antickly for his Maſters Pleaſure; and as a kind of Monſters, I muſt deal plainly with ye, you now are thought, becauſe you walk upright, with Face erect; and he has brought thoſe Bridles with him, to hamper ye and lead ye to your Den. [Diego *weeps and looks rufully on* Gonz.

Diego. So, very good, we are to be Bridled then it ſeems, and then Sadled I ſuppoſe, and then perhaps to be Rid a Journey, Oh rare World in the Sun, if I had my will now what a Savoury Dinner could I make upon that parboil'd Philoſopher.

Dæmon.

Dæmon. Nay if I hear any Grumbling I'm gone.

Gonz. Rogue, will you be ſawcy, and provoke your Fleaing. But my kind Angel, pray who are the reſt there, 'tis proper I ſhould know 'em, the better to prepare my ſelf for Accidents.

Dæmon. Why thoſe are the Viceroy and Vice-Queen of the Province; then he that Whiſpers to him there, in this Sun World of ours, is call'd a Beau.

Diego. The Devil! he a Beau, what with that *Belzebubs Phiz.*

Gonz. He's the very reverſe of Beauty a Blackamore with a white Patch on, and by his Griſly Look and Figure I ſhould ſooner have taken him for the Hang-man.

Dæmon. Ah, theſe are Notions ſtill of your own World, but things are here quite contrary *Gonzales*, your Beaus uſe Waſh and Powder to be Fair, and ours uſe Soot and Coal to make 'em horrid; with you, the ſmiling Feature takes the Lady, and here ſhe's won with frightful Grimaces, and to be Terrible is the beſt Charm; the rules of *Cupid* here are quite perverted; in ſhort, he that's in Love here, makes himſelf ſo ugly, that he can fright his *Cloris* to a Fit, and then he does enjoy her, his Name is Count *Devilling.*

Diego. Oh, a Curious Name, and a very pretty Cuſtom, why now if I could get but a little Meat in my Belly, this Face of mine, for ought I know, as Squares go here, might get me a Fortune.

Gonz. Is the Beau Married?

Dæmon. Oh, no, he's too fine a Courtier; beſides the Place he Officiates in hinders him from that, for you muſt know he has a great Office at Court, he's the Viceroy's Pimp in Ordinary.

Gonz. Body of me, have they Pimping here then too, I thought this had been a little too near Heaven, to uſe that Folly, as being ſo Notorious in our World.

Dæmon. Worlds, for that matter, Friend, are much alike, where there are Male and Female; beſides, what you call Folly is a Vertue here, being done Politically to promote Generation; and thus in the caſe of Incapacity, the Huſband civilly Pimps for his Wife, and when a good Eſtate has occaſion for an Heir, the Father as decently does it for his Daughter.

Diego. Oh mighty natural! great Indulgence truly.

Gonz. But who is that with a Paper, I beſeech ye?

Dæmon. Oh he's a repreſentative of one of the chief Cities in the Province, and is petitioning the Viceroy to interceed with the *Emperour:*

perour, to take all their ſpare Money to ſpend at Pleaſure —— he has had ſome denial it ſeems, for he looks a little out of humour.

Gonz. Strange, why do the People here then Petition their King to keep 'em Poor?

Dæmon. Oh always, for a Senator to be Rich here is a Manifeſt ſign of his being unworthy and out of favour; and 'tis thought a Principal Grace, I aſſure you, if the Money will be accepted.

Diego. Nay 'tis certain the King or Emperour, as ye call him, may uſe his Pleaſure here, but his humour is ſomewhat ſingular, there's ne'er a King nor *Keyzar* below the Sun like him, I dare ſay, - Odſbodikins, a favour to take the Peoples Money, ha, ha, ha, our Natives are of another Kidney faith.

Dæmon. Oh, that's very probable, Friend; the other there is a Gentleman who addreſſes to puniſh two *Catchpoles* for not Areſting him upon an Action of five Thouſand Pounds, he has run all over the Town to take 'em, which is the reaſon of the heat you ſee him in.

Gonz. More Miraculous! a Gentleman run after *Catchpoles* to be Areſted, —— Odſlife, is the Man mad.

Diego. Mad, ay, ay, you may be ſure on't, —— why this may be a Cuſtom perhaps here in the Sun too, but 'tis Extream rare and particular; the Gentlemen of our World would run another way, to my knowledge.

Dæmon. Oh you'll find theſe Surpriſes very frequent; then that Poor Creature that ſtands by him with the Mattock there, is a Lawyer, who has attended all this Morning for buſineſs; his Employment, other days is Ditching and Delving, at which the honeſt Wretch takes Pains and Labours very heartily, that he may be the better able to give away his Law in Term-time.

Gonz. St. *Jago* defend me! Why this is more wonderful then all, a Lawyer digg and delve to give away his Law!

Diego. Ay, ay, believe it, he that will, believe it, believe it I'm an Infidel Gadzooks.

Dæmon. Then that young Fellow that ſtands by 'em is a great Wit, a Perſon of moſt Extraordinary Ingenuity, by your Natives Vulgarly call'd a Cut-purſe; who being diſabled from late famous Actions by a dead Palſey in both his Hands, in conſideration of his Loſs and former Merit, is order'd a conſiderable Pention from the State.

Gonz. Is't poſſible?

Diego.

Diego. Ha, ha, ha, I ſhould Laugh till I was mad, I ſhould burſt now if thoſe Plaguy Monſters there, did not fright me at the ſame time ——Oons a Penſion for Cutters and Pick-pockets, —— why at this Rate, by the rule of Contraries, theſe People, would Hang up the Ordinary and ſet Free the Highwayman —— Oh rare World in the Sun, I ſay again.

Dæmon. Nay, as thou ſay'ſt, Friend, theſe ſeem to be odd Cuſtoms in deed —but ſee they have done their Debates, and are now diſpatching the Taylar, with Orders concerning you,—— hark, they ſpeak louder too.

Vice. Keelin, Seelin, dally mazzow, gollin bellin kendilango.

Gonz. Ah, this breaks my Heart, that they ſpeak in a Language I don't underſtand, had they talk'd in any of the *European* Tongues, I had been as ready a School-boy at his Leſſon, but this Plaguy Sun Giberiſh poſes me quite. [*To Bellygorge.*

Devil Garzockta blowzin minger bounce, Pofflary gomon.

[*Pointing to* Diego *and* Gonzales.

Belly. Wowla kan riggan boh, wawla kan roo.

Diego. The Devil wowl and roo ye — why this is worſe than an *Iriſh* Cronan, or a *Mooriſh* Prieſt bawling the People to Prayers.

Gonz. What is't he ſays; dear Angel.

Dæmon. Why the Viceroy would know what Species ye are, and they can't agree in their Opinions yet about you; but the Courtier there poſitively pronounces *Diego*, for his Shape, odd Geſtures, and Apiſh Grimaces, to be a Baboon.

Diego. A Son of a Whore.

Gonz. Nay the Truth is when he was at home, he would be always Friſking about the Kitchen, Chattering, making Mouths, and Licking in the Dripping Pan, ſo that, as to his Species, verily I think they are not much out of the way.

Diego. Thank ye Heartily, I'm beholding te'e, de'e think ſo indeed, I was a Baboon, 'tis true, becauſe I was your Man, but de'e hear, I am no bodies now, —— and hold your Tongue you had beſt.

Vice. Aw velerokta kirman dummin tons Pyothon eſſe.

Gonz. There was ſomething of the *Ionick*, a Touch of the *Greek*, me thought in that, pray what was't?

Dæmon. Why he's very inquiſitive ſtill concerning you, *He'l* make one of 'em Conjure but *He'l* know it.

Viſeq. A kondibuly melikka, flownce gowtry yawna verokta Belch hander van dan Sooterkino. [*With a ſhrill Voice.*

Gonz. So, her Highneſs is pleas'd to open now, ſhe has a very Extraordinary Tone, methinks it ſounds a little like *Dutch*; what's her will I wonder.

Dæmon. Why, the Vice-Queen is for having ye both Strip'd.

[Gonza *ſtarts.*

Diego. Very good, let her Highneſs's Will be done by all means.

Dæmon. That by your Bodies Compoſition conſider'd, ſhe may give her Judgment too; for you muſt know the Ladies are very curious here in matters of Anatomy.

Diego. Nay, if the parts and Compoſition of my Body are to be read upon, the Lady may ſoon find out what I am.

Viceroy. Fillor, filor, Zuleka morli bezom.

Dæmon. Oh, the *Viceroy* rejects her Propoſal, and conſents to rely on what *Devilling* and t'other affirm.

Belly. Ballaw, Ballaw, Ballaw, Lacori, Phiz. [Angrily.

Dæmon. He's angry with the Courtier for ſomething, you muſt take care of him, for you'll find him a very dangerous Fellow.

Gonz. Alas, how dangerous, what worſe than Devilling there?

Dæmon. A thouſand times, he's the grand Brammin or Mufti here, and has a Head model'd as well for Miſchief as any of your Natives. He's a parcel Magician too, a ſubtle Rogue that knows all things, and ſpeaks all Languages. – Yours too amongſt the reſt.

Gonz. And does he know, de'e think, that I'm a Philoſopher,

Diego. And that I am the Blockhead his Man, that flew into the Sun with him a Eagle hunting.

Dæmon. You'll find that preſently, I tell ye he knows every thing, he leads the Country round here by the Noſe, ſifts all their Politicks, fingers the Revenue, Banters the Viceroy even into dozing; in ſhort, plagues all the Land like a true Teizer. Preaches away their Senſes with Contradictions, then tells 'em they are damn'd for Ignorance.

Gonz. The Prieſthood in the Sun, nay, then I warrant they have a Jangling Government.—But ſee the Snip-ſnap Taylor is friſking up to *Diego.*

Dæmon. I ſee him, and the *Brammin* perhaps may preſently come to you, and miſcheivouſly act ſome little Injuries, whatever they are, Courage, I'll not be from ye.

Gonz. My Life's preſerver, my kind Angel.

Coverf.

Coverf. Ballaw murli, Ballaw murli, Caw, Caw, Caw, Caw.

[Coverfool *comes up to* Diego, *grins and chatters, then tickles the Palms of his Hand, and pulls him by the Ears.*

Diego. What a plague does he mean by this?

[Diego *Mimicks his Chattering.*

Dæmon. Oh! that tickling and Ear-pulling are Marks of kindneſs; and not only here ſo, but us'd as ſuch in ſome parts of your World: The Czar of *Moſcovy* treats his Favourites in that manner always. [Coverf. *Spits in his Face.*

Diego. Oh! ye naſty Dog, I'll murder ye.

[*Falls upon* Coverfool *and beats him, 'till the Solar Guards part 'em, and threaten* Diego *with their Whips.*

Gonzal. Oh! the Devil, now has this cholerick Rogue ſo enrag'd 'em that ten to one but they'll tear us to pieces. Dear Angel, help now or I'm loſt.

Dæmon. Why *Diego* art thou mad? why that was the greateſt Act of Kindneſs of all.

Diego. Oons, —what, to Spit in one's Face.

Dæmon. Oh the higheſt Expreſſion of Love and Favour here, that can poſſibly be thought on; 'tis beyond Kiſſing in your World a thouſand times, 'tis the Courtly way by which the Lovers ſhew their greateſt Paſſion, nothing can be more tender.

Gonz. De'e hear that Dog-bolt, yet you muſt be ſqueamiſh, you need be ſo ſhy of your ugly Phiz, with a murrain te'e. Oh my ſweet Genius, what's to be done? for thoſe Whips are a terrible Eyeſore to me.

Dæmon. I'll therefore divert 'em with a Muſical Entertainment, which I'll cauſe ſome of my Airy Attendants to perform; and becauſe I know they are fond of Novelties, relating to your World, the Diverſion ſhall be ſome Emblematick Characters of the Virtues and Vices of a Court, expreſly ſhewn in the ſeveral Figures. [*Waves his Hand, and Muſick flouriſhes.*] See, they are ready in a moment. And the firſt that appears is a Figure repreſenting *Honour*, the principal Virtue of a Court, habited as the Ancients us'd to dreſs it in their Deſcriptions or Paintings.

Here Honour *appears and ſings.*

SONG.

Honour. YE Sons of Fame, whoſe Noble Souls,
Soar with triumphant Joy beyond the Poles;
Whoſe Records ever ſhall appear ſublime,
And ſhine within the Golden Book of Time;
When this round Fabrick ſhall to Aſhes burn:
And Nature once more into Chaos turn,
From Lucid Thrones look down and ſee
Honour, the glorious Heir of Immortality;
And you bleſt Hero's who now ſhare
On Earth below this vital Air;
That each ſucceeding Day,
Some Debt to *Honour* pay;
Whoſe bright Renown ſhall ne'er decay,
Till Arms with all things, are to laſt Confuſion hurl'd,
Behold, the Darling Genius of the World.

Second Movem.

'Tis I that Monarchs fire,
To do things great and bold.
I gen'erous Hearts Inſpire,
To ſcorn the Power of Gold.
I charming Beauty grace,
And wanton Paſſion ſway.
I Artful Merit raiſe
Above dull common Clay.
More, more then all, 'tis I your Arms maintain,
I, in the Breaſt of Gracious *Anna* reign,
And Bleſſings ſhower without controul.
I'm all, and all, in every part;
To Empires body I'm the Heart,
Where *Anna* is the Soul. [*Exit* Honour.

Diego. His Honour, ſhould be a Kin to me by his good Voice; but Mum, this is not a place to ſcrape Acquaintance in.

Dæmon. The next Court Virtues are Emblems of Courtſhip, and Modeſty, expreſs'd in the figures of a Man of Quality, and a virtuous young Lady his Miſtreſs.

Court-

Courtſhip and *Modeſty* Enter and Sing.

Courtſhip. *Tell me, Oh, my Hearts ſweet Surpriſer,*
What profit or Pleaſure,
You find in Frowns, ſince ſmiling Careſſes
So ſweet are when try'd.
Sordid, vile, you know is the Miſer,
That Hoards up his Treaſure.
Like Wealth, ſo Beauty looſes its Graces,
Not timely Enjoy'd;
'Tis ſtill treating your ſelf moſt unfairly,
Thus coyly to ſhun
What's pris'd ſo dearly,
And late or early
Muſt ſometime be done,
'Tis ſtill &c.

(2.)

Turn your Eyes, and veiw the Creation,
With all its gay Treaſure;
Where Loves bleſt Charm makes all things in Nature
To Bloom and Grow;
Trees and Flowers confeſſing a Paſſion,
The Sun Courts with Pleaſure;
And Birds and Beaſts, each ſenſible Creature,
All, all do ſo.
Sweet, Comply then, for ſo did your Mother,
And as this is true,
Sometime or other,
For all this pother,
Dear Angel muſt you.
Sweet Comply, &c.

Gonz. Truly the Man ſpeaks to the purpoſe, and this is indeed juſt the way of our World.

Diego. Ah, my Song to *Joan*, our Milk-Maid at home was better by half, Faith. [*Sing.*] Joan, Joan, *with Cherry-cheeks and Bubbys-white as Curds and Cream.* Oh Gadzooks, I forget my ſelf this is not a Place for ſuch fine matters.

Dæmon. When you have heard the Lady, the *Emblem* will be more fully expreſs'd.

Here Modesty *addresses and Sings.*

(1)

Modesty. *If you'd know why we seem Uncourteous,*
And Frown when you tease us,
The Reason's plain we dare not believe ye,
When Love you profess:
Mens deceits to ruin the Virtuous,
So often displease us.
That False or True we fear to receive ye,
Where Love should bless;
'Tis still Treating our selves the most fairly,
Lose parly to shun;
And Late and Early,
Prise Honour dearly,
Or else we're undone.

(2)

With delight we view the Creation,
And all its gay Treasure,
And know Loves charm makes all things in Nature,
To Bloom and Grow;
As the Sun, the Plants in each Station,
Indulges with Pleasure,
So grateful they, and each living Creature
Their duty shew;
Yet tho' rashly comply did my Mother,
Till I know ye true,
For all your Pother,
My Love I'll Smother,
And never come too.

Dæmon. The Moral of this, now Friend, I'm sure you understand.

Diego. P'shaw, I thought it would have come to a Wedding, and then there was hopes one might have been invited to Dinner.

Gonz. Peace babler, —— 'tis Excellent indeed.

Dæmon. The next is *Hospitality*, Emblematically describ'd in a Figure, Mimicking an old Fashion'd Court Lady in the days of the famous *English* Queen *Bess.*

Hospi-

Hospitality *Enters and Sings.*

Hospit. *Since now the World's turn'd upside down,*
And all things chang'd in Nature,
As if a doubt were newly grown,
We had the same Creator:
Of Ancient Modes and former ways,
I'll teach ye, Sirs, the manner,
In good Queen Besses *Golden days:*
When I was a Dame of Honour.

(2.)

I had an Ancient Noble Seat,
Tho' now 'tis come to Ruin,
Where Mutton, Beef, *and such good Meat*
In th' Hall was daily chewing;
Of humming Geer my Cellar full,
I was the yearly Donor,
Where toping Knaves had many a pull,
When I was a Dame of Honour.

(3.)

My Men of Home-spun honest Grays,
Had Coats and comly Badges,
They wore no dirty ragged Lace;
Nor e're complain'd for Wages;
For gawdy Fringe and Silks o'th' Town,
I fear'd no Threatning Dunner,
But wore a decent Grogram *Gown,*
When I was a Dame of Honour.

(4.)

I never thought Cantharides,
Ingredient good in Posset;
Nor ever Stript me to my Stays,
To play the Pum at Basset;
In Ratafia *ne'er made deboach,*
Nor reel'd like toping Gunner;
Nor letting Mercer seize my Coach,
When I was a Dame of Honour.

(5.) I

(5.)

I ſtill preſerv'd my Maiden fame,
In ſpite of Oaths and Lying;
Tho' many a long chin'd Youngſter came,
And fain would be enjoying.
My Fan, to guard my Lips I kept,
From Cupid's *lewd'er runner,*
And many a Roman *Noſe I rap'd,*
When I was a Dame of Honour.

(6.)

My Curling Locks, I never bought,
Of Beggars dirty Daughters,
Nor Prompted by a Wanton thought,
Above knee ty'd my Garters;
I never glow'd with Painted Pride,
Like Punk, when th' Devil has won her,
Nor prov'd a Cheat, to be a Bride,
When I was a Dame of Honour.

(7.)

My Neighbours ſtill I Treated round,
And Strangers that came near me:
The Poor too always welcome found,
Whoſe Prayers did ſtill endear me.
Let therefore, who, at Court would be,
No Churle nor yet no Fawner;
Match in Old Hoſpitality,
Queen Beſſes *Dame of Honour.* [Exit.

Dæmon. This carries a Wholeſome Reflection in't, the *Satyr* is not ill drawn, conſidering the humour of your Natives.

Gonz. 'Tis very fine and excellently well Humour'd.

Diego. Why, yes truly, I like the old Gentlewomans Song well enough, eſpecially that Paſſage in't about the Beef and Mutton.

Dæmon. The next, as no Court was ever without ſome, are Vices, and Repreſenting, *Vain Promiſe*, and *Flattery*, Expreſs'd in the Figures of a great Man in Office, and a Poor Sycophant.

Vain

Vain Promiſe, Enters with a Paper in his Hand and Sings out of it part of a Song, on the Poeteſs *Sapho.*

Changing Air and Movements.

Vain P. *Down, from the Tow'ring Rock, her ſelf ſhe Caſt,* [Mimicking
And cleft the Billows with too Fatal haſt; th' *Italian.*
Hey, hey, who waits, who's there?
Confound ye all can no one hear. [Throws away the Paper.
This Fooliſh Sapho, *with her ſimple Song,*
Upon her Clowniſh Leſbian Fop,
Has kept me in a Lethargy *ſo long,*
That Demmy *I've forgot where I'm to Sup.*
No Dagg, no Raſcal near;
Hey, hey, who waits, who's there?

Enter *Flattery.*

Flattery. *Great, Noble, Gracious, Brave;*
Vain P. *How now.*
Who's that, who's there? hah, what are you?
Flattery. *One Proud to be your Slave, who knows,*
Your buſy careful People all,
Employ'd, about your Honour's Cloaths,
To dreſs ye for the Ball.
Vain P. *Oh, ho, the Ball, that's it that muſt be done.*
Flattery. *Here Prompt am I, to go or run;*
I am your ſhadow when you pleaſe bright Sun;
Brighter than ever gilt our Horizon;
Did e'er Adonis *that ſweet Form excell;*
Vain P. *The Fellow, gad, talks Tallerably well,*
I knaw thee now, thou haſt ſome Suite.
Hah, hum,
Speak, come, what,
Flattery. *Oh how they ſhoot,*
Fiercer than Lightning in the Skies;
Oh, turn away thoſe killing Eyes;
Or what my Tongue would ſpeak can never thence.
Vain P. *The Creature, demmy, has a Warld of ſence.*

Flattery. *A Captain I would be,*
Thou Earthly Deity;
If thou woud'ſt deign to puſh it on.
Vain P. *A Captain, hah, hum, well it ſhall be done.*
Flattery. *Another Suite too, Clogs my Tongue,*
I have a Siſter that too long
Has in the Country droop'd.
Vain P *Hah —— is ſhe Young?*
Flattery. *Young as* Aurora's *dawn.*
Vain P. *What Shape ——what Eyes?*
Flattery. *Black, Charming, Form'd a Lover to Surpriſe,*
She's, ſoft as Venus, *with* Diana's *Size.*
Vain P. *Ha, hum, a Lovely Brown,*
Zoons, what, and Coop'd in a damn'd Country Town;
Bring her to me, and try what Court affords,
Do'ſt hear, hum, what, I uſe not many Words,
I'll ha thee Prick'd, in the beſt Troop of Guards.
Flattery. *But one thing more.*
Vain P. *Well, ſpeak, come thou haſt Wit?*
Flattery *I humbly beg.*
Vain P. *Well —— what.*
Flattery *Not to forget.*
Vain P. *O Lard, thou may'ſt as well beg my Eſtate,*
To tye a Right Courtier his Promiſe to keep;
Another Movement. *Is to Eat when he's Sated, or when you pleaſe, Sleep;*
I have given my Promiſe, what could you hope more?
Flattery. *Nay, nay, I confeſs I was told ſo before;*
Vain P. *What could you hope more?*
Flattery. *I was told ſo before.*
Vain P. *But not to forget.*
Flattery. *But not to forget.*
Vain P. *Thou may'ſt as well beg me to give my Eſtate.*
Flattery. *I may as well beg you to give your Eſtate.*

Chorus *of Both.*

What could you hope more?
I was told ſo before, &c.

[Here the *Solars* make a Squalling Noiſe in ſign they are pleas'd.

Dæmon.

Dæmon. Oh, I ſee this has Molified.

Gonz. My heavenly Protector, how ſhall I thank thee.

Dæmon. And ſee the Keeper is order'd to Bridle and carry ye to the Place, where they are to Conſult about ye, you muſt have Patience. [*Coverfool bridles 'em both*

Gonz. Patience perforce, ſweet Angel.

Diego. 'Tis ſome comfort to me, that th' Aſtrologer is made a Mule on firſt, ——I wonder whoſe Pad I'm, to be amongſt all theſe Devils; they're all I ſee in the Jocky-dreſs, they have Whips and Spurs too, I ſuppoſe upon occaſion. Oh what will become of thee poor *Diego.*

[*Exeunt* Omnes, *with them* Gonzales *and* Diego.

ACT II. *Scene* Firſt.

Enter Viceroy, Vicequeen, Devilling, Bellygorge, *and the reſt, bringing in* Gonzales *and* Diego, Dæmon *ſtands by Inviſible.*

Gonz. OH my Charitable Angel, what further Miſchief are we now to ſuffer, for I find they han't done with us yet.

Dæmon. No, no, ——you are now but juſt come to the Extream on't, de'e hear *Diego*; I ſee *Coverfool* is coming to manage ye, be ſure you ſuffer Patiently, whatever he does, you'll be whipt unmercifully elſe.

Diego. Nay I believe I ſhall have a fine time on't. Oh rare World in the Sun.

Coverfool. Ballimi Zuken, Ballimi Zuken, Caw, Caw, Caw, Caw, [*Coverfool comes up with a Rope tyes it about* Diego's *Waſte, pulls him by the Noſe and thumps his Belly with his Head.*

Diego. What a Plague's the meaning of this; now he pulls me by the Noſe.

Dæmon. Let him, let him, that's a ſpecial Favour.

Diego. Thumps me in the Guts too.

Dæmon. Favours, Favours ſtill, all Favours, great Civilities.

Diego. Confound his Civilities, I ſhall ne're have Patience, I ſhall Thwack him tho' I'm Carbonado'd.

Belly. Rundi Sabor Callimanko.

Dæmon. He bids him place ye upon all four. [*Coverfool puts* Gonzales *and* Diego *into the Poſture.*

Gonz. Oh, my Stars!

Diego. Oh delicate World in the Sun, or rare Philoſopher!

Belly. Cacco, Verla Blow.

Devil. Mixi camako.

Dæmon. They bid him bring ye near 'em, that they may get Aſtride on ye, and give their Opinions. [Bellygorge *and* Devilling *get Aſtride on 'em.*

Diego. Oh, heavenly Vertuoſo's, here's fine doings.

Bellygorge. Mek halem Tobozo, Saker merugan.

Devil. Velokti Velokti. [They ſeem to diſpute.

Belly. Il Boro de congo.

Devil. Oli Sidingor.

Bellygorge. Gallimo noort Zoonds, halem boh Demmig.

Diego. O Lord he Swears Zounds and Dammy, what will become of us now?

Dæmon. Oh ye are miſtaken again, *Diego*, theſe Words are no Swearing here, they are no more in this World, than in yours, to ſay Honour and Concience, they are Epithets to diſtinguiſh Truth or Falſehood by.

Gonz. But what's the matter with 'em, dear Angel.

[*Here they get off, and* Deviling *whiſpers* Viceroy.

Dæmon. Why they were quarrelling about you, the Brammin would have kept it a Secret, but they are now gon to inform the Viceroy, that conſidering, how much your Complection differs from *Diego*, that y'are an Oſtrich, and without Feathers, being begot upon a Silphied in the lower Fens of the Moon.

Diego. Ods my life, an Oſtrich! why, verily, friend Philoſopher, I think they have nick'd you pretty right too, for I have, my ſelf, a long time thought ye an Owl; and for them to find ye to be an Oſtrich, introth, as you ſaid before, is not very much out of the way.

Gonz. Very well Raſcal.

Dæmon.

Dæmon. The Viceroy, and Vicequeen are going to Dinner at a Houſe of Pleaſure, where the reſult of your Caſe is to be determin'd when they are ſet; the Courtier and the reſt make their repaſt.

Gonz. Bleſs me, what horrible Viſages are there!

[*Exeunt all but* Bellygorge.

Diego. Ay that Sun-beau there is, I confeſs, a little upon the diſmal; but what then? you Philoſophers love Rarities and you'll meet great Varities here, without doubt.

Dæmon. The *Bramin* makes up te'e, now look to your ſelf.

Gonz. Oh ſtand by me then, ſweet Angel.

Belly. What is thy Name?

Gonz. Oh Heaven!

Belly. A Man, I know thou art a Man Monſter of the lower World, whoſe vain Curioſity has brought thee hther, but of what Intelect, what Condition?

Dæmon. You muſt tell him, tho' he knows all well enough.

Gonz. A poor Philoſopher, of the neither World.

Belly. A Philoſopher —— humh, and what are you. [*to* Diego.

Diego. A Fool, ſo pleaſe ye, a very Fool.

Belly. And Knave.

Diego. Ah, Gadzooks, *Diego*, thou'rt a loſt Man.

Belly. And you pretend to Sciences and Knowledge?

Diego. Very little, Sir.

Belly. Too much, Sir, for an Oſtrich, we'll firſt ſee how you can digeſt Old *Iron*, *Wood*, *Stones* and *Læather*, before you ſhall diſpute upon their Natures.

Diego. Gad I'm glad of that however, for his drilling me to this confounded Place, has made me hate him, ſo that all the Miſchief that falls upon him, is to me as ſweet as Hony.

Belly. Doſt thou know who I am.

Gonz. Not with Preſumption.

Belly. I am a *Bramin* and rule Underſtandings, I parcel out Mens Brains, as I think fit, let 'em be Wiſe or Fooliſh, as I like 'em, yours is a ſneaking World, where Prieſts are Curb'd, Stinted of Right, and Hinder'd of Command; you have Schools to Teach your Lay Brats to be Sawcy, and give baſe Vulgar th' Priviledge of Wit, which here none but the Prieſthood dare pretend to; for if they do, no Mid-night *Incubus*, e'er Rode a Mortal dreamer as we them.

Diego. Good again, here's Divine Politicks for ye, 'd'ſheart, why this is beyond Popery, or their Hell upon Earth, the Inquiſition.

Gonz.

Gonz. Alas, Sir, I shall never vie with any.

Belly. You had not best, nor e're pretend to Wit, that Province only is for me and mine, the Viceroy, the Vicequeen and the whole Court, are all my Mules, and like a Priest I ride 'em; know this and Tremble, and further understand, that to go upright or be prov'd to be a Man here, is death by th' Law, so through Compassion, I nam'd ye an Ostrich, therefore be sure to Trot, Gape, and Gambol, to divert these Blockheads; but on your Life, no Wit, nor no discovery, I have not one Wit in my two Hundred Parishes.

Gonz. Horrid Hell-hound, Oh for a little Privacy to rail at him, Angel, dear Angel, Comfort me now or I shall dye.

Dæmon. Patience I say still.

Belly. You motley Baboon and Fool stand further off, go learn to Vault and Tumble.

Diego. Oh, that ever I was born. [*Stands aside.*

Belly. Come, come nearer me, I'm inclin'd to hear a little of affairs Subsolary, —— what are your Princes, and your Grandees doing? [*Sits down.*

Gonz. Making War, Sir.

Belly. For what prethee, their old Foolish Bubble Honour?

Gonz. Oh no Sir, for Religion.

Belly. Why, they have none.

Gonz. They have the Word, Sir, that gives the Command, and that sets Fools a Fighting. [*Coverfool makes Grimaces at* Gonz. *and Exit.*

Belly. A Sharp Rascal, War must be Chargeable, —— what say the People?

Gonz. E'en, what they please, Sir, they say any thing, Words are no Treason now, their Breath's their own; and he that pays a Tax for the Kings use, may Rail at him as Saucily as he pleases.

Belly. What are your Traffickers your Men of Business?

Gonz. Why Sir, a Motly Race with double Faces, with which they both ways see when Profit comes, if any one of 'em smiles on his Neighbour, 'tis in his Head to Cheat him in some Bargain, and as they are shaking hands, each of 'em thinks t'other's a Fool, and he shall over-reach him; they bore the merry Title once of Cuckolds, but now turn Tables and are Cuckold-makers, for Money being Scarce and Pride not bating, my Lady, who without her Husbandy

Husba nd ss knowledge profusely runs into their Trading Books, oft for forbearance, enters them in hers.

Belly. A notable Satisfaction, well, now your Courtiers, how do they Manage?

Gonz. Oh, themselves acutely Sir, Leve and Couche are their first steps to Perferment, till they have reach'd the Tip of the Kings Ear; then artful Insinuation's very useful Humillity too, and Fawning's mighty necessary, for by those Rules they seldom fail to thrive, they feed by Flattery, and grow Rich by begging.

Belly. Begging, that's base, what do they beg Prithee?

Gonz. Places, Places Sir, — the most desir'd Paradice of a right Courtier is a good Place.

Belly. Ha, ha, ha, ha, Pleasant Fellows indeed, but your great Ministers, I suppose, those are Graver and more Candid.

Gonz. Oh yes Sir, they ever grow Lean with overstuding their Country's Profit and their Prince's Honour, all strugling to repel Interest from their Natures. But if sometimes they chance to have Sore Throats, with swallowing a Golden Bribe, or so, there's an Assembly of four Hundred Doctors, always at hand to Cure 'em of the Quinzey.

Belly. That's well order'd, troth; well, now for your Wits.

Gonz. Ah, there you Pose me Sir, to discribe them's a task beyond my Power, we have Studied, Sir, two hundred Years, to know even what Wit is; and when 'tis known, we shall as long pore on, to know who has it, yet in our Populous Nation, there buz a Crew, that still will own that Title, young Coxcombs that by heart can say all *Horace*, yet doze like Dolts in common Conversation; or else like *Magpies*, Chatter without thinking, Conceited, Beaus, that descent on the Muses, not knowing *Emphasis*, or how to Spell. Lewd drunken Bullies rallying upon *Virgil*, that never could read Latin; Cat visag'd Criticks damning others Works to get their own dull Scribles Reputation; Callow Cits too, and Country Novices; pert spruc'd up Lawyers, and perfum'd Court Wigeons, all these Sir, would be thought *Apollo*'s Sons, when try 'em round, and for true genuin Wit, a poor Mechanic, a silly Mouse-trap-maker, has richer Brains by far.

Belly. Ha, ha, ha, ha, — but sure, this is Partial, — come now for your Women to them, you must be kinder.

Gonz. Not a jot Sir, at them I have most cause to Rail, I have been Married.

Belly.

Belly. What, not to one thou lik'ſt, perhaps?

Gonz. Pray gueſs Sir, —— ſhe was a Creature firſt of Heavens making, but th' Devil ſoon after chang'd her property, Puff'd her with Pride, and won her for his pains; ſhe'd keck at th' Name of Huſband like a Potion, And I had ſcarcely Married her two days, but that two Hundred Flys, were buzzing at her, ſome of which ſtuck ſo cloſe I could not bruſh 'em off, with the *Fox* Tail of my Philoſophy; if the Wind did but blow a Curle away, ſhe would be three hours at her Glaſs and Toylet, a ſetting it in order; and had a Flea, but hop'd upon her Noſe, 'twas a whole Evenings trouble to perſwade her, it had not rais'd a Pimple like a Mountain; her Chamber was a meer Perfumer's Shop, and when ſome young Fops came to Viſit her, if they ſat there one hour, their Cloths and Perukes, were ſcented for a Month: In ſhort, beſides all this ſhe would Paint Nauſeouſly, Lye Helliiſhly look Scornfully and Scold ſo Confoundedly, that I was forc'd to ſeek a deſperate Remedy to Cure her; the reſult of which is ſo Myſterious that I can give no further Account of it, only that I am rid of her.

Belly. Ha, ha, ha, very well, the reſt I'll hear another time. Here comes the Dinner and the Company.

Gonz. Oh, thanks to my Stars, I am reliev'd at laſt; but, dear Angel, who, I beſeech ye, are thoſe grave Perſons there?

[*They ſit on Cuſhions and eat.*

Dæmon. Philoſophers o'th' Sun who never eat, but always feed on Steams; Do ye not ſmell the Soop their Noſes dine on?

Gonz. Oh, yes, it has a very fine flavour truly.

Diego. And a flavour is a curious Dinner indeed. Oh! how could I feaſt upon a haunch of that plaguy Star-gazer, if I had my Will.

Dæmon. You ſee *Deviling* ſits in State as Favourite to the Viceroy; and that old ſhrivel'd Fellow, he there that waits upon him, is his Father.

Gonz. Unnatural Fop, what, make his Father ſerve him, has this vile World no more reſpect for Age?

Dæmon. Age, why 'tis ridiculous here, a thing deſpis'd, all ſuch whoſe Age render paſt getting Sons are all made ſlaves to thoſe they have got already, nothing but youth rules here; he's ſtill moſt wiſe, that hath moſt Blood and Vigours, ſee how he uſes him. [Dev. *ſtrikes old* Solar. The old Fumbler has done ſome Fault or other.—Oh! I find it, he has loſt his Son *Picktooth*, a thing accounted here very ominous, hee'll be cudgel'd damnably about it, if nothing worſe happens.

Diego.

Diego. There's an Impudent young Dog, to Cudgel his Father for a *Picktooth.*

Dæmon. Obſerve, obſerve. [Deviling *beats old* Solar *agen.*

Diego. O Lord, O Lord, Oh heavenly World in th' Sun! Oh Seraphical Virtuoſo's! — how now; what have they brought here, I wonder!

Dæmon. Your Dinner, *Diego*, and ready dreſs'd too; —— a Diſh of curious Wild-Fowl; — nay, 'tis real.

Enter Coverfool *and ſets a Diſh on a Table before* Diego.

Diego. I am amaz'd! rare Woodcocks, Partridges, and Larks. Gadzooks I'll fall too moſt vigorouſly. [*Sits down to Eat.*

Gonz. Humh! what think you now of the World in the Sun, Hangdog: But come, I'll ſtint my Wonder, and refreſh my ſelf. [*A* Spirit *riſes, ſtops* Gonzales.] Oh bleſs me! what's the matter now, dear Angel?

Dæmon. What's here, a Gnome of the Earth; he muſt be Harbinger to ſome new Miſchief. [*A diſh of Horſe Shooes, Nailes and Iron, is ſet before* Gonzales.

Spirit. *Selin Octo bolin ambo.*

Gonz. Angel, ſweet Angel, what's the meaning of this?

Dæmon. 'Tis the Male Aſpect of your Envious Stars, the Cabaliſts rememb'ring y' are an Oſtrich, has ſerv'd ye up a Dinner of Old *Iron.*

Gonz. Mercy upon me, old *Iron*, I ſhall be ſtarv'd.

Diego. Starv'd, no, no, pray my Lord Oſtrich fall too, your Honour muſt needs be ſharp ſet, with ſo long faſting, there's a curious Hobnail will go down ſo ſmoothly, and ſit ſo warm upon your Stomach: or what think you of that ſavoury Horſe-ſhooe there, broil'd a little upon the Coals.

Gonz. Inſulting Raſcal.

Diego. I would offer ye ſome of my Fooliſh Pittance here, but that I know you noble Oſtriches Love particular Diet, hum, much good may't do your Lordſhip.

Dæmon. I have found a Trick to evade their Miſchief; take ſhare with him, Oſtriches ſwallow every thing.

Diego. If the Sun methods were rightly conſider'd, I believe you'd find, Friend, that the Families of the Baboons, and the Oſtriches

are not ſo united, that they ſhould dip in a Diſh together. What a Pox, ſince I muſt be a Baboon I am for maintaining my property.

Gonz. Hang ye Curmudgeon.

Deviling. *I boka, I boka, Slowſe gowlin.* [*to a* Solar *who goes out.*

Gonz. What, is the Courtier angry ſtill?

Dæmon. It ſeems ſo, I told ye I fear'd there was ſome worſe Puniſhment behind for the old Fellow, and find now the offence is ſo Capital, that the inrag'd Son has Condemn'd him to the Puniſhment of the Cup, which I ſee yonder is brought him.

[*Re-enter* Solar *with a Cup.*

Diego. Why the unnatural Whelp wont Poyſon his poor old Father, after Drubbing him, will he? What, is there Poyſon in't?

Dæmon. Yes, Poyſon to his Credit, 'tis fill'd with Muſkadine, never offer'd here but to one in diſgrace; beſides, to ſhame him further, there's an Ignominious Toſt put in't.

Diego. And is it right true Muſkadel.

Dæmon. Right as the Grape e're yeilded; the ſhame is the Puniſhment.

Diego. Oh, is that all, a horrible Puniſhment truly.

Dæmon. By the horrible Faces he makes, you may ſee he's very loth to take it down, I warrant he'd give half he's worth to any one, would relieve him from it, which is now and then done by ſome true Friend, and that takes away part of the diſgrace.

Diego. Why then that true Friend am I, for I Love that Liquor ſo well, that gad I'll relieve him preſently for nothing, I'll put up ſuch a diſgrace at any time. [*Take the Cup and drinks.*

Devil. Kemela Kemela —— ha, ha, ha.

Dæmon. He Laughs at th' Accident and at *Diego's* forwardneſs.

Diego. Ay let him, would I had another Cup, on't 'twas Excellent Wine Faith, and came in admirable time,——hold — gad I'll have a touch at Ignominious too. [*Eats the Toſt.*

Dæmon. The *Solar* thinks himſelf extreamly oblig'd, and that Noſe Tweak, and Thump in the Guts is his return of thanks.

[*Old* Solar *comes and Tweaks* Diego *by the Noſe, and Thumps his Belly with his Head.*

Diego.

Diego. That part of his Civility, Pox take him, might have been ſpar'd; for if he thanks me agen with ſuch another Thump, I ſhall refund his diſgrace, I can tell him that.

Dæmon. Oh, the Company are breaking up, to conſult again about you; I ſee the Courtier has paid the reckoning.

Gonz. With what? he drew no Purſe. [Deviling *gives* Solar *a Paper.*

Dæmon. With Verſes, he gave mine Hoſt a Paper with three Couplets in't: Poetry you muſt know buys every thing, 'tis the Currant Money of the Country.

Gonz. Rare again, and pray what may three Couplets paſs for.

Dæmon. Juſt as the *Engliſh* Guinies did for Thirty, and to better purpoſe than thoſe too, for theſe wont dwindle again nor leave ye in the lurch, as they did.

Gonz. Verſes, the Bullion here! Why what a heavenly Cuſtom would this be to the Poets of our World, if Mercers, Cooks, Taylors and Tavern-bills, were to be rated thus, and paid with Couplets; how like great Princes would ſome Rhimers live, who now are out at Elbows, what now my Preſerver, what are they doing now? [Deviling *and the reſt make a humming Noiſe, and ſeems to diſpute Eagerly.*

Dæmon. Reſolv'd upon new Miſchief againſt ye, which I will try to divert with another Muſical Entertainment, of Emblematick Figures of your World, which as 'tother was Concerning a Court, ſhall now be Repreſentations of the Vertues and Vices of a City.

Gonz. May Heaven requite thee, Soul of Harmony.

[*Waves his Hand, Muſick Sounds.*

Dæmon. Obſerve, how it begins; this firſt is an Emblem Repreſenting *Induſtry*, one of the chiefeſt Vertues of a City, and Expreſs'd in the Figure of a *Dutch Burgher*'s Wife of *Amſterdam.*

Induſtry Enters and Sings.

Induſt. *Waer, waer ben de Skellums des Fowlen dull Beaſts,*
De Cloake het ſtwok vife, and dey ſtill in der Neſts,
De Mart, is halve over, dey ſnoring at Eaſe,
Dat ſall heb Vercoppe myn Butter and Keſe,

Myn Karmilk is Suer, while dey Ligg on dere backs,
And no gelt eſt brouckt me vor ſpinning myn Flax,
No Brodt from de Backer, no Turf nor no Coals,
But verhactig I'll yagh dem voort out of dere holes.

Enter *Profuſeneſs.*

Dæmon. The ſecond is an Emblem of *Profuſeneſs*, this, on the contrary, is one of a Cities worſt Vices; the Figure repreſents a Fantaſtick French Citizen, Affecting the Garb and Behaviour of a Great Lady.

Gonz. This is the very Picture of Prodigality indeed.

Diego. And 'tother is ſo like my Hoſteſs where I Lodg'd once; Eſpecially when ſhe mention'd the Butter and Cheeſe.

Dæmon. Silence *Diego* — obſerve.

Profuſeneſs *Sings.*

(2.)

Profuſe. *Fie Metreſs, why you teize your ſelfe,*
Vor Worldly Muck, dam naſty Pelf,
Let ſhees and Butra keep de Shelf.
Come learn de moy fine danca,
You have de ver good Face and Air;
Dat may vid de Beau Monde Compare,
You only want de motion rare,
Hah, Ala mode de Franca. [Dances fantaſtically about.

(3.)

Induſtry. *Wat vluttering ſomer fogle halen here,*
Mit Mere on her Back den would kep me a Year;
Mit her Body ſtickt up as a Collar van Brawn,
And Jok glove ſey has brought me des clyders to pawn,
Your dauncing gut Frow, de gelt vil ne get,
But if ye are gheſtick come helf me to knit;
De earning ones Eata is ſawce to de food.
Van Idleneſs nim mer meer came any Good.
[Pulls out knitting Work.

(4.) Profuſe.

(4.)

Profuſe. *Ah gens barbare, 'tis mainfeſte,*
Dis Womans be de fort Grand beſte,
Me derefore uſe her as min Jeſt,
Fie, tro away dat Lumbra,
Here be fine Cards, come let us Play,
You ſall no drudge nor toile to day;
But learn to Sheat our Jantee way,
At Picket or at Ombra.

(5.)

Induſt. *Sure none dat been Wiſe will learn your Sottiſh way,*
You Daunce at your Dinner, and Sing when you Pray;
[Throws the Cards about.
You'll Spiel as your Starving and de's ben de Tools,
Dat Yearly undoen, half a Nation of Fools;
Whilſt we are all buſick and mind de main Chance,
Laet ve and oldt England *gae on met your Dance;*
Laet on's Fiſh in haer Water and chouſe you of Wine,
Dance ſpiel and Zewp on, 'tis no buſineſs of mine. [Exit Induſt.

(6.)

Profuſe. *Dis ſordid Creature have no Wit,*
No Soul but de L'Argent to get,
And vat no turn to dull profit;
She have in Grand diſdain a,
Vel let 'em buſſle for Command,
And rake up Treaſure to buy Land;
We'll make 'em dance our Sarband,
If we hold out in Spaina. [Exit. Profuſeneſs.

Dæmon. Theſe are two other City Vices, the Characters repreſenting *Lewdneſs* and *Infidelity*, Expreſs'd in the Figures of an *Engliſh* Exchange Woman and her Bully.

Infidelity.

Infidelity Enters and Sings.

(1.)

Infid. *What de'e lack, what de'e buy,*
Pray Ladies draw nigh;
I have Maſks, *I have* Fans,
I have Muffs *for your Hands,*
I have Furs, *that will pleaſe;*
And fine Neckatees;
Gloves, Ribbands *and* Rings,
And a Thouſand pretty Things,
Pray Ladies draw nigh,
What de'e lack, what de'e buy.

(2.)

And Gallants for you,
I have Snuff Boxes *too;*
Fine Strings *for* Cravats,
And Bands *for your* Hats;
For Shirts *pretty* Lace,
And a Waſh *for the* Face;
Rare Garters *for* Leggs,
A Pulvillio *for* Wiggs:
Pray Gallants draw nigh;
What de'e lack, what de'e buy?

Enter *Lewdneſs*, and Sings.

Lewdneſs. *Of all the Rarities I ſee,*
Were I to chooſe, I would buy thee;
But Ah, thou art ſo fine a thing,
To give thy worth would drein a King.
How does my dear, where's Huſband gone?
I'm glad to find thee here alone.
Infidel. *Fie Captain, fie, the Folks will ſee,*
You muſt not ſo Familiar be,
You'll bring a Scandal.

Lewdneſs.

Lewdneſs. *Not be kind,*
Would all the Cuckolds here were blind.
Infidel. *Ah, ſhould that Curſe once truely come,*
How many would be groping home.
Lewdneſs. *One Kiſs to ſpite 'em,*
Infidel. *Piſh, Oh dear, you ſhant, nay Captain fie, I ſwear,*
You grow ſo rude —— well let me die,
I'll never ſpeak te'e more;
Lewdneſs. *Ye Lie,*
Heavens, can you Blame me, who can ſee,
Thoſe tempting Lips and patient be?
Infidel. *Had it been done,*
Nay, nay, keep off, you ſhan'ot Touch,
In th' Ware-houſe when we were alone.
The matter had not been ſo much.
Lewdneſs. *Oh well remembred, Faith, lets go,*
Infidel. *No, no, not I, no, no, no, no,*
See there's my Husband come I vow,
From Coffee-Houſe, and drink, [Faction appears.
As Black as any Ink,
Where every Morn a Club are ſeen
To Cheat, and Lie, and Rail againſt the Queen.
Lewdneſs. *And ſhall we not Revenge:*
Infidel. *No, no, Hands off I dare not.*
Lewdneſs. *Faith we'll go,*
Infidel. *The Wares lie ſcatter'd all about.*
Lewdneſs. *No matter, Oh no matter.*
Infidel. *'Tis dark too, and the Window's ſhut.*
Lewdneſs. *The better, oh, the better,*
Come, come.
Infidel. *Nay don't.*
Lewdneſs. *You ſhall.*
Infidel. *I won't.*
Lewdneſs. *Nay, if my dire reſolve you make me ſhew.*
Infidel. *I'll Cry, I'll Scratch.*
Lewdneſs. *'Tis all one, you ſhall go.*
Infidel. *Well, huſh, then ſafely, if it muſt be ſo.* [Exeunt.

Gonz. If the Cuckold had any apprehenſion of this, I believe he would not very well like his Wife's Cuſtomer.

Diego.

Diego. Ah —she's only gone in with him to change some Pistoles.

Dæmon. This here is a topping City Vice too, and known by the Name of Faction, Notorious in that Kingdom aforesaid, and quaintly Express'd here in the Figure of a Cheating Stockjobber.

Here *Faction* Sings.

(1.)

Faction. *From* Stockjobbing,
Near kin to Robbing,
I come, and from seditious Knaves, *a heap*;
Peace, Peace, Conscience,
It is not long since,
Thou had'st a Golden Dose to make thee Sleep;
To raise Fewds,
And Taint hot Bloods.
New Libels *on the Queen I've Invented*;
Which, to Fire the Malecontented,
Dayly cunningly we scatter;
Thus the old Saw,
Think wise as Law,
'Tis best for Knaves to Fish in troubled Water.

(2.)

Blow, Blow, Faction,
Bring it to Action.
Most Fools our Roguery will take for Zeal;
Swear tho' th' Army,
Now does Alarm ye,
Peace, yet no good has done the Common-weal;
Slight the Crown,
To please the Town,
And rail against the Court in each Quarter;
Else we forfeit our Ancient Charter,
London *ever was Complaining*;
Lose or Gain,
'Tis our Vein
And would be if a Cherubim *were Reigning.* [Exit.

Gonz.

And would be if a Cherubim were reigning. [Exit.

Gonz. So, he is not aſham'd to diſcover the true Factious Humour, I ſee.

Diego. Oh that's a ſtubborn Cuckold, I warrant him.

Dæmon. The next will be an Emblematick Dance, expreſſing the Humours of two Parties in a certain Northern Kingdom known by the Name of the *High Flyers* and the *Low*; at the end of which is a Satyrical Song perform'd by *Moderation*, expreſs'd in the Figure of a true-hearted Engliſh Countrey-Gentleman. [*Dance here of High-Flyers and Low.*]

SONG by *MODERATION.*

I.

WHAT are theſe Ideots doing
That daily their Feuds advance,
As if they were purſuing
New Ways to favour France.
For ſhame give over your Dance;
Your National Danger ſee:
Nor longer forfeit your Senſe,
But agree, ye raſh Britains, *agree.*

II.

Whilſt ſtrange and trivial Reaſons
The Whimſical Brain allures,
You loſe the Happy Seaſon
That ſhould encourage your Powers.
The Monſieur is at your Doors;
And if he received muſt be,
The Shame and Scandal is Yours:
Then agree, ye Raſh Britains, *agree.*

III.

Ye Soaring High-flown People
In Politicks ſo profound;
You Climb ſo high on your Steeple
It makes your Brain turn round.

Consider how you lose ground,
If Foreigners Masters be;
Whilst you with Maggots abound.
Then agree, Silly Britains, *agree.*

IV.

And you whose senseless Jargon
Contentious Night and Morn
Declaims against an Organ,
As 'twere a Sowguelders Horn.
Let Concords Power adorn
Your Hearts, if wise you'll be;
Nor longer merrit a Scorn,
But agree, Silly Britains, *agree.*

V.

'Tis known you are richly Landed, [to high Fl.
And you have a Place at Court: [to low Fl.
And you the Bank *have Commanded,* [to high Fl.
And you have Two Ships in Port; [to low Fl.
Yet still ye reason Retort:
As if ye ruin'd must be.
'Tis all rank Folly in short;
Then agree, Silly Britains, *agree.*

VI.

Religions Safety doubted,
Still makes the Nation groan.
You make such Stirs about it,
Some wise Heads think you have none:
But all is for Interest done,
As faith it likely may be.
Let that Point stated, be known,
And agree ye rash Britains, *agree.*

[Exeunt *Masquers.*

[Here the *Bramin* whispering something to *Deviling*, and the rest, they all rise and make a squawling Noise; at which *Gonzales* and *Diego* start.]

Gonz. Bleſs us! what's the meaning of this Sweet Angel?

Dæmon. The malicious *Bramin*, I find, is ſtriving to expel the good Humour that Muſick generally raiſes in 'em; and has ſome greater Miſchief brooding in his Head than ordinary, by their going off ſo abrubtly. You muſt obey; but I'll go with you to diſcover their Deſigns; and there, as here, be diligent to ſerve ye.

Gonz. Eternal Bleſſings crown ye. ---Come *Diego.*

Diego. Come *Diego*, Come *Oſtrich*, ---oh heavenly World in the Sun; Come *Oſtrich*, as I ſaid before, Trott on, with a murrain t'ye. [*Exeunt* Deviling, Bellygorge, *and the reſt*; *and the Solars drive out* Gonzales *and* Diego, *as before.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A Province in the Kingdom of the Sun.*

Enter Solars bringing in Gonzales *and* Diego.

Gonz. ANgel, my Life, my Comforter, where art thou?

Dæmon. Here, ready. [Dæmon *Appears.*

Gonz. Oh, what News, I beſeech thee?

Dæmon. None, Friend, but what's unhappy. Yet you muſt hear it; The cruel Prieſt hating ye the more I ſuppoſe for your Science of Aſtrology, has now plainly told the Viceroy, that y' are a Man, and conſequently a Monſter dead in Law: And to add to his Malice, this Diſcovery was juſt now made, at an Audience given to Sir *Crane Talboy*, Ambaſſador from the Kingdom of the Birds; who, thro' Curioſity deſiring a private View of you, and being gratify'd, has ſtrangely accus'd ye of Murder upon one of the Brothers of *Plumply* Lord *Pheaſant*, in your World of the Earth, with a vile Engine call'd a *Gun*; which being affirm-

ed, the enrag'd Viceroy, to complement the Feather'd Monarch, his Neighbour, has aſſign'd ye over to the Embaſſador, who is beſides the the Captain of his Guards, to be carry'd away and try'd there, and *Diego* too for being in Company.

Diego. Nay, *Diego* has kept him company to admirable purpoſe indeed: A Plague on ſuch Companions.

Gonz. Prodgious Villain: Oh I am loſt, dear Angel, unleſs thou giveſt me Hopes.

Dæmon. Your Stars are ſo Malevolent, they puzzle me; for though I am a Spirit, I am bounded, and cannot hinder a Superiour Ordinance. However, I'll be near ye, and in what I can, ſerve ye, be aſſur'd.

Gonz. My only Comfort.

Diego. Now muſt this unfortunate Fool of a Philoſopher, and I the tother Fool his Man, for killing a Pheaſant, be eaten up by Crows, I warrant—— Oh Horrible! [*Weeps.*

Enter Viceroy, Vicequeen, Deviling, Bellygorge, *Sir* Crane Tallboy, *and Solars.*

Belly. Come, my Lord, here are the Raſcally Murderers.

Gonz. Bleſs me! What a ſtrange Embaſſador's here!

Diego. An Embaſſador,---- A Devil.

Dæmon. Oh, he's a prodigious huffing Wretch, and very proud of his Office; but fear not, I'll ſtand by ye ſtill.

Gonz. My delicious Bleſſing.

Dæmon. The *Bramin* has receiv'd an Order from the Viceroy for your Paſſport to your Trial in the Kingdom of the Birds, and is to be your Interpreter before their Sovereign: The Charge will be made in your own Language, that you may the better defend your ſelves; But he being your Enemy, you may judge what Juſtice you are like to have.

Diego. Oh Fortune, Fortune, Was ever any poor Devil ſo perſecuted! Had I ſtuck to my firſt Employment, the Plough, how happy had been my Days: Nay, had I ſerv'd a Dagling Lawyer, a Stockjobbing Citt, or a wholeſale Horridan, I had certainly come to ſome Preferment: But to follow a Wit, [*Weeps.*] a Philoſopher, one that is climbing the Devil knows where, into the Sun; one that ſtudies the

Nature of * Ma * Ma * Magots, and Hum---- Hum---- Humble-bees; What could I expect but the Miſchief that has fallen? [Diego *howls out.*

Gonz. Now, Dear Angel, what muſt I do?

Dæmon. Be patient, and rely on my Aſſiſtance.

Viceroy. Regoldin debit Angó. [*To* Bellygorge.

Belly. My Lord Embaſſador, the Viceroy lets you know by me, your Suit is granted; he alſo recommends himſelf to his Majeſty your Maſter, with aſſurance alſo to oblige you particularly; that theſe Monſters of the World of the Earth, vulgarly called Men, ſhall be forthwith diſpatch'd to their Trial to receive proper Puniſhment.

Dæmon. You may obſerve my Lord anſwers him with Nods and Whiſpers, the political way of the Birds, when they are upon any grand Buſineſs.

Belly. He ſays, Sir, the King his Maſter ſhall be told this Courteſie, who now as a Mark of ſingular Amity, has ſent your Highneſs a hundred of his Swans and Brantgeeſe, the fatteſt of his Slaves, to Regale with. [Bellygorge *whiſpers Viceroy.*

Viceroy. Voludo morli Kidulgo voſſe.

Belly. His Highneſs thanks you, my Lord; and wills ye to order your Guards to take away the Monſters who are here attending. And Madam, to you his ſmooth-plum'd Majeſty, preſents in a Purſe here made of a *Phœnix* Skin, a dozen of Frogs pulchritudinous, of Value ineſtimable, which being dry'd, beaten to a Powder, and drunk in Mornings Dew, have Vertue to renew Youth and Beauty. He alſo ſends ye a wonderful Eagle's Stone, that will keep your Highneſs from miſcarrying, and make ye prolifick at five hundred years of Age. [Bellygorge *whiſpers Vicequeen.*

Vicequeen. Himeli Buz polligarmi, yowl nockta il de Lano, demogulſo Zaly.

Belly. Her Highneſs ſays, ſhe's infinitely oblig'd; and in return ſends his Majeſty a dozen of her flouriſh'd waiting Females for his Stallion Oſtriches to get Monſters on for his hunting Sport in Winter. [*Sir* Crane *nods a* Congé.

Devil. Trigulchi dormor boli hock moliſicambo.

Belly.

Belly. Count *Deviling* his Highneſſes Favourite and Foot-tickler, wiſhes ye Health, my Lord, and ſpeedy Revenge upon your Enemies; he thanks your Lordſhip. [*to Sir* Crane *he nodds.*] Wheiw Serjeant *Eagle*, and Corporal *Vulture*; haſte away with theſe Rogues.----Hoh----Men,---- What, you are a Man, are ye Sirrah? They'll unman ye preſently, Rogue. [*to* Diego.

Diego. Oh, Gadzookes, this Longſhank'd Devil will have no mercy. Captain, do they call him? Dſheart what would I give to get him caſhier'd; for he'll make no more of me than he would of a Frog: I ſhall be but a Mouthful, I ſee by him.

Dæmon. I ſee they are preparing for the Trial with ſolemn Inveteracy: Another muſical Entertainment will therefore now be neceſſary to mollifie the Humour, and abate the Rigour of the intended Execution. *Diego* Come, I know you can ſing notably upon Occacaſion; you had beſt therefore exert your ſelf now: You You hear the Threatning ----- No leſs than Emaſculating-- From which cruel Deſign, nothing will divert the *Bramin* and the reſt, ſo well as a humorous Song. —— Come any thing about the Country will do.

Diego. Sing!—— Oh bleſs me, I was never ſo out of Tune in my Life—— Beſides, my Memory is grown ſo ſhort with my Frights here, that I can remember nothing, but one about a Sow and Piggs.

Dæm. Oh! That, againſt the World.

Diego. Once in my Frolickſome Days, when I was in the Army, and almoſt ſtarv'd, I ſtole a Pig, you muſt know; and running amongſt my Crew to hide my ſelf, adzooks the Sow follow'd and diſcover'd me. Upon which the Witty Rogue our Corporal, made a Song on't, and call'd the Tune *Piggs March.*

Dæmon. Oh, away with it, away with it; there's nothing better. [*Here* Diego *ſings.*

Diego Sings.

I.

LAte as we march'd through Flanders
Dub dub a dub, dub a dub dub dub
Through Frosts and Snows
To charge our Foes
With hopes of Plunder bigg,
Trooping with Bold Commanders,
Tantarra rara Tantarra.
Hunger and Cold having made me bold,
In Knapsack I cramm'd a Pigg.
Week Week Week squeak'd the Pig:
Ogh oh oh grunts the Sow:
And though swift away I flye,
Yet she gallop'd as fast as I.

II.

Scowring into an Alehouse,
Dub dub a dub dub a dub dub dub,
Where I for shot paid many a Pot,
And many had left on score
'Mongst my Comrades and Fellows;
Tantarra rara Tantarra;
Scarce with my Prize
Had I blest their Eyes,
But the Sow too was at the Door.
Weeck Weeck Weeck squeak'd the Pigg:
Oh ogh ogh, grunts the Sow.
Such Noise never heard before,
Set the House in a foul Uproar.

III.

Maudlin *the Bouncing Ostress,*
Dub dub a dub dub a dub dub dub
Puffing came
With a Face enflam'd,

And as red as a Rump of Beef,
Threatning me with a Juſtice,
Tantarra rara Tantarra.
Till flat on th' ground
I ding'd her down
For daring to call me Thief.
Weeck Weeck Week
Loud ſhe ſqueakt:
Then ogh, ogh, like the Sow,
Till at laſt in the woeful Fray
My Pigg too got quite away.

So, very well; you ſee this has caus'd ſome Delay however, and I'll proſecute it by a further Performance of Muſick, which ſhall be Emblematical ſtill, and relating to your World; becauſe I know that Scene diverts 'em beſt: They have had Reflections on a Court, and City already; theſe therefore ſhall be Figures repreſenting the Humours and Vices of the Country.

Gonz. Oh how ſhall I expreſs my Thanks, thou Quinteſſence of Goodneſs.

Dæmon. The firſt that appears, is *Sport*, expreſt in the Figure of a Country Jockey, ſinging a Parallel between his Miſtris and his Mare; the Tune being made in imitation of her ſeveral Goings, Walk, Trott, Pace and Gallop.

Sport Enters and Sings.

I.

Sport. *WHEN for the Air*
I take my Mare,
And mount her firſt
She walks juſt thus:
Walk. *Her Head held low,*
And Motion ſlow,
With Nodding, Plodding,

Walk

Walk. *Wagging Jogging*
Daſhing Plaſhing
Snorting Starting,
Whimſically ſhe goes.

Then Whip ſtirs up,
Trott. *Trott, Trott, Trott, Trott,*
Pace. *Ambling then, with eaſie Grace,*
She wriggles like a Chairmans Pace
Her ſhuffling Steps
Regale my Hipps,
Trott. *Till Trott, Trott, Trott, Trott,*
Brings on the Gallop,
Gallop. *The Gallop, the Gallop,*
The Gallop, and then a ſhort Trott,
Trott, Trott, Trott;
Straight agen up and down,
Gallop. *Up and down, Up and down,*
Till ſhe comes home with a Trott,
When Night dark grows.

II.

Juſt ſo Phillis
Fair as Lillies,
Walk. *As her Face is:*
Has her Paces;
And is bred too
Like my Padd too,
Nodding, Plodding,
Wagging, Jogging,
Lowting, Powting,
Sleeping, Peeping,
Artful are all her Ways.

Hearts Thump, Pit Pat,
Trott. *Trott, Trott, Trott, Trott,*
Ambling then her Tongue gets looſe,
Pace. *I ſtrove to ſtop it with the Clothes;*
But all in vain,
Trott. *She breaks the Rein,*

And Inflam'd,
Untam'd,
Gallop. *It Gallops, it Gallops, it Gallops, it Gallops,*
Trott. *Then Trott, Trott, Trott, Trott,*
Straight agen up and down
Gallop. *Up and down, up and down,*
Till in a Pet with a Trott
Ends our Love Chase.

Dæmon. The next is Innocence, a darling Country Vertue, represented by a young Country Girl about Twelve, or Thirteen, home-bred under the Mother; with *Maturity* her Elder Sister more bold, and in great want of a Husband.

Innocence Enters and Sings.

I.

Innocence. *IN the Fields in Frost and Snows*
Watching late and early;
There I keep my Father's Cows,
There I milk 'em yearly. [Mimicks a Cow's Low-
Booing here, Booing there, ing.
Here a Boo, there a Boo, every where a Boo.
We defie all Care and Strife
In a charming Country Life.

II.

Then at home amongst the Fowls,
Watching late and early:
There I keep my Father's Owls,
There I feed 'em yearly. [Whoo, woo, mimicks an
Whooing here, Whooing there, Owl.
Here a Whoo, there a Whoo, every where a Whoo.
We defie all Care and Strife
In a Charming Country Life.

III.

III.

When we Summer Fleeces heap
Watching Late and Early;
Then I ſhear my Father's Sheep,
There I feed them yearly. [Bae, mimicks a Sheep.
Here a Ba, there a Ba,
Every where a Ba,
We deſie all Care and Strife:
In a Charming Country Life.

Sport over hearing 'em, comes up to 'em; *Maturity* ſeeing him, begins the Dialogue, and Sings.

Matur. *OH Love, if a God thou wilt be,*
Do Juſtice in favour of me;
For yonder approaching I ſee,
A Man with a Beard,
Who, as I have heard,
Has often undone
Poor Maids that have none,
With Lying and Toying,
And Sighing and Crying;
And ſuch kind of Foolery.

Sport. *Fair Maid by your leave,*
My Heart does receive
Strange Pleaſure to meet you here.
Oh tremble not ſo,
Nor offer to go:
I'll do ye no harm I ſwear;
I'll do ye no harm I ſwear.
Matur. *My Mother is Spinning at home,*
My Father works hard at his Loom,
And we here a milking are come.

Their Dinner they want;
Pray Gentleman don't
Make more adoe on't,
Nor give us affront,
We're none of the Town;
We'll lye down for a Crown;
Then away Sir, give us Room.

Sport. *By* Phæbus, *by* Jove,
By Honour, by Love,
I'll do ye, dear Sweet, no harm.
T'are freſh as a Roſe,
I want one of thoſe:
Ah how ſuch a Wife would charm;
Ah how ſuch, &c.

Matur. *Why can you then like the old Rule,*
Be Conjugal, Honeſt and Dull,
And marry and look like a Fool;
For I muſt be plain,
All tricks are in vain.
There's nothing can gain,
The Thing you'd obtain;
But Moving, and Proving
By Wedding true Loving,
My Leſſon I learnt at School.

Sport. *I'll do't by this Hand,*
I've Houſes, I've Land;
Eſtate too in good free hold.
My dear let us Joyn,
It all ſhall be thine,
Beſides a good Purſe of Gold. [gives a Purſe

Matur. *You make me to Bluſh now I vow,*
Oh Lord, ſhall I balk too my Cow.
But Since the late Oath you have Swore.
Your Soul ſhall not be
In danger for me
I'll rather agree

of

Of two to make three.
We'll Wed and we'll Bed
There's no more to be ſaid
And I'll ne'er go a Milking more.

Both. *We'll Wed*, &c. [Throws down her Pail, and goes with him.

Gonz. Extreamly Naturally, and very Divertive:

Diego. Ah it may ſo, but that Long-ſhank'd Devil, there ſtands too near me, to let me be diverted, Pox take him.

Dæmon. Theſe two that appear now Emblematically repreſent Raſh *Ignorance* and Timerous *Houſewifery*, expreſt in the Figures of a Pleaſant new Liſted, to go to the Wars, and his Wife and three or four Brats following, ſhe Crying and Perſwading him againſt it.

[*This Dialogue is made to a Famous Sebel, of Seignour* Baptiſt Lully.]

DIALOGUE.

I.

Houſew. *PRay now* John *let* Jug *prevail.*
D'off that Sword, and take a Flaile.
Wounds and Blows with ſcorching Heat
Will abroad, be all you'll get.

Ignoran. *Zooks y'are mad,*
Te ſimple Jade,
Begone, and don't prate.

Houſew. *How, think ye I ſhall do*
With Hob *and* Sue,

Ignoran. *And all our Brats, when wanting you.*
When I am rich with Plunder,
Thou my gain ſhalt ſhare Jug.

Houſe-

Houſew. *My Share,*
Will be but ſmall I fear,
When bold Dragoons have bin pickering there,
And the flea Flints the Germans *ſtrip 'em bare:*
Ignoran. *Mind your Spinning,*
Mend your Linnen,
Look to your Cheaſe too,
Your Pigs, and your Geeſe too.
Houſew. *No, No,*
I'll ramble out with you,
Ignoran. *Blood and Fire,*
If you tire,
Thus my Patience,
With Vexations,
And Narrations:
Thumping, Thumping is the fatal Word Joan.
Houſew. *Do, do,*
I am good at Thumping too.
Ignoran. *Morbleau,*
That Huff ſhall never do
[Here they ſtand in a Poſture of Fighting till the Brats Squawling round 'em, ſhe crys and begins again.]

(2)

Houſew. *Come, come* John, *let's Buſs and Friends,*
Thus ſtill thus Love's Quarrel ends;
I my Tongue ſometimes let run,
But alas I ſoon have done.
Ignoran. *'Tis well y'are quaſht.*
You'd elſe been Thraſht
Sure as my Name's John.
Houſew. *Yet, fain I'd know for what*
T'are all ſo hot.
To go to Fight, where nothing's got:
Ignoran. *Fortune will be kind, and we ſhall then grow great too.*
Houſew. *Grow Great.*
Yet want both Drink and Meat.

And

And Coin unleſs the Pamper'd French *you beat.*
Ah take Care John, *take Care, and Learn more Wit,*
Ignoran. *Dare you Prate ſtill*
At this rate ſtill
And like a Vermin,
Grudg my Preferment.
Houſew. *You'll beg, or get a Wooden-Leg.*
Ignoran. *Nay if Bawling,*
Caterwawling;
Tittle, tattle,
Prittle, Prattle,
Still muſt Rattle,
I'll begon, and Straight aboard, Faith;
Houſew. *Do, Do,*
And ſo ſhall Hob *and* Sue,
Jug *too, and all the ragged Crew*
[He runs off, and they after him.]

Gonz. 'Tis all. Seraphical and like your ſelf, but what effects dear Angel has it wrought? what are they concluding on now?

[Viceroy *and the reſt riſe and ſeem to conſult.*]

Dæm. The *Viceroy*, is Inclin'd to Pitty, but the Revengeful *Crane* ſtills purſues him upon his promiſe of Honour to have you try'd, which being upon a national Accompt I fear muſt proceed. And ſee they are preparing to Convey ye into the Kingdom of the Birds; but be Couragious for wherever you go I follow.

Gonz. My Life's chief Happineſs adieu

Diego. My Hearts quite ſunk in my Belly; oh, for another precious Bowl of Ignominious now,
Or ſome dear Slice of a fat Veniſon Haunch,
To cheer my Heart that is crept down to my Pauch,
[Exeunt *Sir* Crane, *drawing out* Gonzales *and* Diego.

The End of the ſecond Act.

ACT

ACT IV.

SCENE. I. *A Province in the Kingdom of the Birds.*

A Symphony of Flutes *and* Flajolets *are heard, Sir* Crane *brings in* Gonzales *and* Diego.

Gonz. HOW Charming would this Muſick ſound to thoſe whoſe Hearts are Merry, and at Liberty, but alas to me! 'tis like the Paſſing Bell, the Fatal Morning, that Toll-Offenders to their Execution.

Diego. Ah, would to Heaven, you had been toll'd thither ſeven Years ago, then I had not been with ye now, to hear this Whiſtling Conſort: Ah, Gadzooks are there no ſcraps of Juſtice in a Place ſo near Heaven, if there are, ſure one little Tiny-crum on't, will drop into my Mouth, at laſt; for that the Man ſhould be puniſh'd at the Gallows, becauſe the Maſter is Mad and deſerves to be Hang'd, is very hard.

Enter Dæmon.

Dæmon. Through *Radiant* Plains of everlaſting Day, and untrod Paths of Light, I have follow'd thee *Gonzales*, to aſſiſt thee in this dangerous Turn of Fortune: What Cheer my Friend, how Beats thy Pulſe now? Ah,

Gonz. Ah, my Life's dear Guardian, methinks now you are here, my Heart has Warmth again, and active Motion which, lately like a worn-out Clock, had none.

Digeo.

Diego. For my part I am quite Dead in all things but my Tongue, nor would that I believe wag neither if twere not warmed by my Rage to vent a Curſe or two, now and then upon that plaguy Star-gazer.

Dæmon. Rage here is as bad as Blaſpemy. This is the Dominion of Harmony and Peace; not a Word more of that therefore *Diego*, on your Life, you now are brought into the Anticharmber of the King's Pallace: This Muſick declares the Monarch near: And ſee, the Principal Nobility appear to attend him at your Tryal; the Court will Sit immediately. I'll give ye their Names and Nature.

Lord Raven, *and Lord* Cockerel *appear, Staring on* Gonzales *and* Diego.

Cocker. Cockadoodle doo. [*Crowing*]

Dæmon. You muſt know there are here as in your World two great Parties, which are diſtinguiſht here by the High-Flyers and the Low, of which Croake, Lord *Raven*, and Strut, Lord *Cockerel* are principal; the firſt is Chancellour and now Preſident of the Court; the other, the King's high Conſtable and Warden of the Forreſts: They are of Natures quite different, the one Generous and Valiant to that Degree, none of his Race leave off the Fight till Death, when combatting for Honour or a Female; but the Raven there is of a nature Tyrannous and Bloody; a Lover of Rapine and Cruelty, and your Inveterate Enemy. I heard him call ye Rogues as ye came in.

Diego. Ay, would I had him on our Common at home, and a good Gun in my Hand; I'd reward him for his Good Language.

Gonz. Barbarous Wretch! I never ſhot any of his Tribe that I know of, unleſs once when I was a Boy, for ſome Quills to make Pens.

No, No, I have fonnd out his Reaſon: 'Tis the noble Deſign he has to have our Carcaſſes for Carrion, makes him ſo angry. His Lordſhip has a longing Mind to be upon the Bones of us; that's all.

Sir Prattler Parrot, *Sir* John Daw, *Sir* Chatter Jay, *Sir* Robert Redbreaſt, *Mr. Baron* Widgeon, *and Mr. Juſtice* Cuckoo *appear.*

Dæmon. The next are Sr. *Prattler Parrot*, the King's favourite Hiſtorian: And he on his right Hand, is Secretary *Redbreſt*; thoſe are Low Flyers.

Diego. Sr. *Robert Redbreſt*, I ſuppoſe.

Dæmon. The ſame.

Dieg. I thought ſo; I have had the Honour heretofore to be very intimate with ſome of his Family. There's one of his Relations that has carried away many a good Lump of Butter out of our Dairy at home.

Dæmon. And they look on ye with an Eye of Compaſſion: then thoſe that follow are Mr. Baron *Wigeon*, and Mr. Juſtice *Cuckoo*; two Judges accompanied with Sir. *John Daw*, and Sr. *Chatter Jay*, two Roguiſh Lawyers, Councel for the Plaintiff againſt ye; whoſe Souls lie in their Purſes, that is, their Craws, who long as much to be pecking out your Eyes, and dragging at your Guts, as the Preſident *Raven* for his Heart.

Gonz. And yet I have fed many of 'em with good green Cheeſe; nay, after they Rob'd me too.

Diego. I fancy I ſee 'em hawling my Puddings already as our Plaguy *Jack-daw* us'd to do when we had a *Hog* killed at Home.

Dæmon. But here follows the ſtrangeſt Creature of all, one Sr. *Epicene Bat*, he's a Trimmer between both Parties, parcel Bird, parcel Beaſt; a ſtrange Monſter; there is no Body knows what to make of him.

Gonz. They ſeem to be very buſie in Diſcourſe what is it they are talking on?

Dæmon. Why the Lawyer *Daw*, like the reſt of his ill-natur'd Tribe, is rating the *Parrot* for his Compaſſion to ye; and the other who is a Wit, you muſt know by his Place, ſays, he'll tell the King what a Pack of Rogues he has for his Counſel, and that if he would not have his Court all go to the Devil, he muſt clear it of the Lawyers that are in it.

Sr. *Prat.*

Sir *Prat.* Oh! rare Parrot, Parrot's a Bird for the King: a Cup of Sack for Parrot, quick, quick, quick.

Dæmon. 'Tis ſome Comfort however to find ye have one Friend among them.

Gonz. Ah, but amongſt ſo many Enemies alas what can one do.

Diego. Would that merry gentle Bird, had not nam'd a Cup of Sack, it puts one ſo in Mind of former Comforts that 'tis a double puniſhment; my Heart akes and my Mouth waters at the ſame Time.

Enter Sir Owl Mouſer *and* Magpie.

Dæmon. Here comes more, the firſt is the reverend Prelate *Magpie*, Abbot of *Buzardland* and *Woodcocks*; a Bird of great Authority here, and teaches as a Guide uncontrol'd, a Hodg podg Doctrine, Stolen from the *Greek*, *Arrian* and *Mahometan*, mixt with a Reliſh of your modern *Phanatick* and *Philadelphian*: The other is Sir *Owl Mouſer*, another Lawyer, very Wiſe you may ſee by his Phiz; he's a great Conveyancer too, and the Devil at a knotty Point, he'll be Chancellor, very ſuddenly, for *Raven* there 'tis ſay'd will be turn'd out, he is in great Favour with King *Dove*; and mightily Reſpected.

Gonz. King *Dove*, bleſs me, what is a poor weak *Pigeon* then, the King here, I thought the Eagle always had the Soveraignty.

Dæmon. Oh, that ſuits with the Judgment of your own World ſtill, to ſuffer Tyranny from the Greateſt, Strongeſt and moſt Cruel; but the Politiques here are quite different: for a choſen Committee of the wiſeſt Birds here, elect the Mildeſt and moſt Peaceable for their King; and every three years change as you your Parliament: He's ſuſpected to be a Favourer of the Low Flyers Party, and therefore mightily Belov'd.

Diego. Lord, to ſee what ſtrange Changes there are in ones Life: Little did I think that King *Pigeon* when I have ſo often Quarter'd ſome of his Majeſty's Family, ſhould ever have Power to cauſe me to be Hang'd my ſelf; but no one knows what he may come too.

Dæmon. And this Election of the weakeſt Bird is made, becauſe he ſhould neither hate, nor be hated of any; and the meaneſt Subject amongſt 'em, who has bin wrong'd by him, may take his Revenge: The Eagle, is but a Scoundrel Serjeant here, and his Strength and Power priz'd for nothing, but to ſeize and bring Criminals to Juſtice. But hark this ſecond Muſick gives [*Flouriſh again of Flajolets.* Information that the Court is Set, and the King preſent. 'Tis the Cuſtom here, to have this charming Entertainment before Tryals of Life and Death, to ſoften the Minds, and diſarm the Prejudice of the Priſoners Adverſaries.

Diego. Great Courteſy truly; firſt we are to hear a Song, and then we are to be Sacrific'd. The Devil take it, I hate Muſick at ſuch an unſeaſonable Time: This comes near one of the Follies of our World too; our poor Rogues are ſerv'd much at this Rate, firſt they are made to Sing a Pſalm of Joy, and then they are Hang'd.

Scene *diſcovers a pleaſant large Grove with number of all ſorts of Birds upon Trees, and Rank'd in order like a Court of Judicature: King* Dove *in the middle ſtanding upon the low Trunk of an* Oak; *guarded on each ſide by an* Eagle *and* Vulture; *then rang'd on each ſide* Raven, Cockerel, Mouſer Daw, Jay, Pheaſant, Parrot, Magpie, Cuckoo, Widgeon. *They place* Gonzales *and* Diego *on each ſide the King,* Dæmon *ſtands by inviſible over againſt* Bellygorge.

[The *Genii* of two *Turtles* prepare to Sing.

Dæmon. Theſe two *Turtles*, who by their *Genii*, aſſuming your human Figures; are order'd to Sing a Muſical Satyr, in Reference to your Charge, againſt Mankind in general: Obſerve with Patience, the Figures Emblematically Expreſs Love and Amity.

Song

Song in two Parts.

WHilſt mortal Slaves below
Drudg on for Odious Gold,
The Cauſe of endleſs Woe;
For which is Bought and Sold;
Fair Conſcience, and religious Awe;
The plain Man's Truth, the Wiſeman's Law;
And every boaſted Gift beſide
That fills the human Soul with Pride;
How happy, ah, how bleſt are We,
That Live untainted in Integrity.

No vain ambition Fires our Souls
To add new Kingdoms to our Crown;
No ſlaviſh Fear our Hearts Coutrouls,
Dejected, by the great ones Frowns:
No brawling Jarrs about Eſtate
From their ſerene Content can draw
The Turtle and his loving Mate;
Amongſt the Lime-twiggs of the Law.
How happy, &c.

Dæm. Rally your Spirits now, and anſwer the *Bramin* boldly, who is order'd to be Councel for the King's Interpreter, you not underſtanding their croaking, chattering and whiſpring Language; but what ever you do, be ſure you deny that ye are a Man.

Gonz. A thouſand thanks, dear Angel; I will remember.

Dæmon. *Diego*, be ſure to take Care that he does not Pump nor Trap ye with Croſs-queſtions, for *Jaw* and *Daw* are plaguy cunning Rogues and have more mind to your Guts than your good Deliverance.

Diego. Pox on 'em, in our World, the Guts of ones Purſe would Bribe a Lawyer, but here nothing will do but the Guts in ones Belly, we have mended the matter finely; oh, rare World in the Sun.

Gonz. The King makes a Motion, what does that mean, I beſeech ye?

Demon. Oh, he now bids the Counſel ſpeak by their Interpreter, and give their Reaſons, firſt why the Plaintiff accuſes ye for Men; and ſee he is going to anſwer.

Belly. Hem, hem, may it pleaſe you Majeſty, the firſt valuable Reaſon is, as I am well inform'd, becauſe the Honourable *Cackle*, Brother to the Lord *Pheaſant* here, being then in the World below, travelling, viſiting ſome Friends, and ſeeing Faſhions, accompanied by the King's two Learned Phyſicians, Dr. *Schriech-Owle* and Dr. *Ninnyhammer*, the Murder was committed on him by theſe two, bearing the Names of Men; and then the ſecond is, that they are certainly ſo, becauſe they always walk upright, with Face erect, which no Creatures of any kind beſides do. [Jay *whiſpers* Bellygorge.

Diego. Oh would I had been a Baboon in reality.

Belly. Thirdly, becauſe they laugh and make ridiculous Grimaces, like Fools when any thing pleaſes 'em. [Daw *whiſpers him.*

Ginz. Alas! 'tis natural.

Belly. Fourthly, becauſe they weep like Sots when any thing hurts or offends 'em. [Jay *whiſpers.*

Diego. Oh, who can forbear, oh, oh.

Belly. Fifthly, becauſe they blow their Noſes like naſty Raſcals.

Diego. Never not I, I never did that.

Belly. And as Interpreter to the Court I make this Addition, Sixthly, That theſe are Fools call'd Men, becauſe they alway carry a number of little ſquare Bones in their Mouth, which they have neither the Wit to ſpit out nor ſwallow down.

Gonz. Bleſs me! what a ſenceleſs Charge is here to take ones Life?

Dæmon. They believe it, otherwiſe theſe Reaſons ſeem to them very Authentick.

Diego. I had three of my Teeth broke out Yeſterday by Chance, if they had been all clear'd, I find now it had done me conſiderable Service.

Dæmon. The King makes another Motion that you plead for your ſelves.

Belly. Hold up your Fore-foot, in your Dialect call'd the Hand, and anſwer to his Sacred Majeſty King *Dove*, Are ye the Monſters call'd Men, or are ye not?

Both. Not, Not, Not.

Belly. What are ye then?

Dæmon. Tell him ye are Apes, and debauch'd in your Infancy to ſtand upright being ſold to Strangers.

Gonz. I am an Ape, and pleaſe ye, begot in *France*.

Diego. And I a Baboon his Man.

Belly. How! how, Sirrah, his Man?

Diego. His Pug, I mean his Pug, his Pug, Sir. O Lord I'm ſo confounded I know not what I ſay.

Belly. I ſhall Trap the Rogues, you are French Apes are you? But pleaſe your Majeſty, we can prove that the Apes of *France* are quite another Species, briſk, active, and airy, therefore 'tis my fix'd Opinion they are Men, and as ſuch, being found above here, according to our general Law, without troubling the Court with the ſecond Plea of Murder, they ought to be condemn'd for that.

Dæmon. The King makes another Motion for your defending your ſelves, now ſpeak boldly.

Gonz. So pleaſe your Majeſty and this honourable Court, I inſiſt I am no Man, but an Ape, though degenerated from kind, being ſtolen away from my Parents in my Infancy.

Diego. And I was chain'd in Kitchen Chimney Corner by thoſe that ſtole me, and us'd there to crack Nuts and play with the Children. [Daw *whiſpers.*

Belly. Who learnt you this human Language, pray Friend, do Apes uſe to ſpeak.

Gonz. Speak, Sir, why look ye, Sir---ſpeak, Sir---ſpeak Sir. [*Stammers.*

Belly. Ay ſpeak, Sir, do Apes ſpeak, Sirrah, Rogue, Villain, Murderer? I'll roar at him to confound his Intellects. [*aſide.*

Diego. So they have gravell'd the Philoſopher already, I muſt help him out at a pinch; Speak, Sir, why Sir, we all can ſpeak, Sir, but we never do, becauſe we won't work.

Belly, Hang ye lazy Rogue; is that all you can say for your self? Come to Sentence, to Sentence.

[*Here they all make a noise.*

Which pursuant to the Law, and to make our Justice more Remarkable, is, that these Monsters call'd Men, be carryed to the place from whence they came, and from thence to the place of Execution, and there be bound to a Tree; remain till they are Devour'd and Eaten by Gnats and Flies, which in contempt of their Boasted priviledge of Humanity are the smallest Creatures that bear Wings.

Dæmon. The King withdraws to Consider a while before he gives Sentence: Your Friend the *Parrot* is gone in with him, there's some hopes yet; tho' I find they are very Inveterate against ye. [* *Sobbing.*

Diego. I find * I am within a few Minutes of being* *Hawk's* Meat: if the King alters the Sentences of the Flies, they are like to fall into the *Pheasants* and your Share.

Belly. This Rogue is in very good Case enough, I intend to make a hearty Supper, with ye, [*aside to Sir* Owl *and* Jay *passing by.*

Diego. The Devil Choak ye. [*Howling.*

Belly. This old Rascal will go down but Tough, do ye har Brother? we had best have him Parboild. [*Exeunt.*

Gonz. Oh! that ever I was born.

A Sweet Symphony of brisk Musick sounds and then Gonzales *and* Diego *start.*

Dæmon. Cheer up my Friend, these Sounds prepare good News, and are never heard but something of Joy follows; here comes Sir *Pratler Parrot*, I'll be visible to him, and try to make a good Conclusion of your Affair. [*He whispers* Dæmon.

Enter Sir Pratler Parrot.

Sir Pratler. Oh rare *Parrot*, *Parrot*, *Parrot's* a Bird for the King; a Cup of Sack for Parrot, quick, quick, quick.

Dæmon.

Dæmon. Don't you remember that Note, *Gonzales*? Have you forgot your old Aquaintance *Cæzar*, your Brothers Parrot in your World, who every Day you us'd to feed and Play with; and for which kind Act he has now got your Pardon of his Maſter King *Dove*, in ſpite of your Enemies.

Gonz. Happineſs unlook'd for, is this, my dear Friend *Cæzar*, whom we loſt? [Sir Pratler *whiſpers.*

Sir Prat. He ſays he is, and hopes he has now prov'd ſo, both to you and honeſt *Diego* there.

Diego. Ah! Sir, Heaven bleſs your good Worſhip, you have done me a notable Courteſie introth, you have made me full amends for the Pudding and Carrots I us'd to give ye when you hung up in our Hall Window.

Sir Prat. A Cup of Sack for Parrot, quick, quick, quick.

Dæmon. He ſays that's all he can ſpeak of your Language, but if you will oblige him, being a great lover of humerous Muſick, and remembring *Diego* us'd to chant out a comical Dity upon his ſcolding Wife *Mundunga*, he deſires to hear it.

Diego. Ay, with all my Heart tell him,---adzooks, I'm in a better cue by half for chanting then I was laſt time, hem, hem.

Diego's ſecond Song.

I.

MUndunga was as feat a Jade
As ere was in our Town
And I a luſty lively Lad
As e'er mow'd Clever down
So cloſe three Years we ty'd the knot.
Our panting Hearts went pit a pat,
Pit a pat, pit a pat:
And both ſo pleas'd with you know what,
We thought of nothing elſe.
Whilſt ding, ding, ding dong, whim, whim, whim,
Wham, ding, ding, ding dong, rung the Bells.

II.

Our Sugar Kisses honny Words
We never thought too much;
I dare be sworn no Knights or Lords,
E'er gave their Ladies such.
To Plough went I, to Spin went she,
Oh how the days ran merrily,
Merrily, merrily, merrily,
Our Joy, since greater none could be,
Fame round the Country tells.
Sing ding, ding, ding dong, whim, whim, whim, wham.

III.

Rare Times were these; but ah how soon
Do Wedlocks comforts fall,
The days that then were hony Moon,
Are Wormwood now and Gall.
Her Tongue Clacks lowder than a Mill.
No longer do we Cooe and Bill;
But Jangle like two Feinds of Hell
Broke out from flaming Cells.
And ding, dong, ding, whim, wham.
Ding dong, ding dong.
No longer Ring the Bells.

Dæmon. Very well, he thanks ye; and now in Honour of my learned Philosopher he intends to entertain ye with some Diversion, to let ye see what Sport the Birds have in their Kingdom, and that you may see the greatest in Office here are most gay and divertive, *Sir Owl Mouser* the King's Attorney-General, with his Favourite the Parrot, will present ye with a Dance after the French manner in your World; and whilst this is performing, I'll go and prepare the *Ganza's*, the Season being now proper for their Flight. This is the Crisis of your good Fortune, therefore be ready and be thankful. [*Dance here of Birds.*] [*Exit* Dæmon *and enter presently.*

Gonz. I am so overjoy'd, I cannot speak, dear Angel.

Dæmon. Now the next that entertains ye is a *Blackbird*, the Emblem of Jollity and Contentment, who by his Genius

us also assuming a human Figure, descants on his own Freedom and Happiness here in the Region of the *Sun*, and satyrically rallies on the Vices of your under World.

Enter the *Genius* of a *Blackbird* and Sings.

I.

Blackbird *WHilst Content is wanting*
In the World below;
We in freedom chanting
Lifes true pleasure know
Cloy'd, with care and duty
To Superiour Sway,
They ne're see the Beauty
Of one happy Day;
Profits Golden Follies
Half the Globe Infest;
Faction, Pride, and Malice
Governs all the rest.
Whilst in eternal Day; Terry, terry, rerry, rerry,
Hey, Terry terry, Sings the Blackbird;
Ah! what a World have they?

II.

Giant-*Limb'd Ambition,*
Like a Tyrant *Reigns;*
Forming new Division
Hourly, in their Brains.
Sometimes Peace Enjoying,
Some They a Leagne begin;
But one Monarch's *Dying*
Breaks 'em all again.
Then the grave State-menders
For Religion Fight:

Tho' the hot Pretenders
never had a doit;
Whilſt here in laſting day; Terry, &c.

III.

Warriorus all are Princes,
When their Aid they want,
Armies for Defences,
preſent Pay they grant.
But the Work once ended,
They the Chiefs diſown;
Who in haſt disbanded,
Loudly are cry'd down.
Thus Uncur'd they Nouriſh
Whimſeys worſe Diſeaſe,
Whither Loſe or Flouriſh,
Never are at Eaſe.
Whilſt here in laſting day; Terry, &c.

IV.

The fat Pamper'd City.
Grumbling at the Tax,
Think to Stint, 'tis pitty,
Bellies or their Backs.
The Rich Country Booby
Brooding o'er his Ground,
Low'rs, and wrondrous Moody,
Grudges four in the Pound.
Goſpel Fermentation, *banters all our Souls;*
And to Fire the Nation,
Blackcoats *blow the Coals.*
Whilſt here in laſting day,
Terry, terry, terry, rerry, Sings the Blackbird.
Oh! what a World have they.

Here a Comical Dance of Birds and other Creatures is perform'd, which ended, the Machine with the *Ganza*'s appears, and *Gonzales* gets into it with *Diego*.

Dæmon. The last for your Farewel, is the Genius of a Nightingale, who singing in Praise of Loyalty, finishes the Sport in a *Chorus*, address'd as a Mirrour to shew the Blessing your World at present enjoys, and especially one particular Government.

Nighting. *Jug, Jug, Jug, Jug, Jug, Jug,*
The Jolly, Jolly Phillomel
Upon the Hawthorn Sings;
Happy we, that Worlds excel
In all true Pleasures brings;
Yet one Island lies below
Who did they but the Blessing know,
They reap by glorious Means;
Would raise their Tuneful Voices high,
And never cease this Song of Joy,
Long live the best of Queens.
Chorus of Birds. *Yet one Island*, &c.

Dæmon. Prosper your Voyage now my good *Gonzales*, farewel for ever, and when some times you have an Hour of Leisure, think on your Friend the Spirit of *Socrates*.

Gonz. That I'll not fail to do, my glorious Angel, and ever bless the Occasion.

Diego. Farewel t'ye, good Sir, dear *Glorificabilus*, adieu; and if ever you catch me arguing the Case again with your *Ravens*, your *Daws*, and your *Owls*, or ever seeking Fruit in your Land of Artificials, I'll give you leave with a natural Brickbat to beat out the rest of my Teeth that are yet unbroken. [*The Machine moves off.*

Dæmon. *Now then for Earth, and let Immortal Fame.*
Renown amongst great Enterprizes done,
Gonazles *and his Passage to the* Sun. Exit.

The Epilogue.

Begun by Mrs. *Porter*, the Parrot ſtanding by.

TO both the Poles our Fancies yearly run.
To pleaſe ye, all things in this World we've done,
And now to find new Matters, ſearch the Sun.
Brutes in all kinds our Drama *oft affords,*
But now We turn the Species *into* Birds;
To raiſe your Pleaſures do mirac'lous things:
Owls *we great* Lawyers *make, and* Pidgeons, Kings.
And yet methinks I doubt Succeſs to day.
Well, then Gallants, *i'engage another Way;*
Come, pritty Poll, *let's hear what you can ſay.*
Nay, I muſt ſtrip in part your Feather'd Caſe.
Speak out, and ſhew theſe Criticks a new Face.

Takes off the Parrot's Head Covering, and then a young Girl ſhews her Face.

Girl. *I'll do my beſt, and yet am half afraid:*
See, Gentlemen, the ſtrangeſt thing e'er play'd,
A prattling Parrot turn'd into a Maid.
A Maid: d'ye mind me? (for I'm taught to know
That's thought a Wonder here too, as times go.)
Who 'mongſt the various kinds this Throng affords
Believes there needs muſt be a ſort of Birds
Mixt with the Beaus, Citts, Ladies, Knights and Lords.
Starlings *I find already,* Wagtails *too I ſee,*
But ne'er a Parrot *pearching, but poor me.*
Stay, there's a dabling Woodcock *tho' I vow,*
A Woodcock *did I ſay? Cry mercy, No,*
I begg his Peruke's pardon; 'Tis a Beau.

Yon-

The EPILOGUE.

Yonder's a Snipe *too who low Plaſh admires ;*
A Rook *too, and a* Hawk : *Thoſe are* High-Fliers.
Bleſs me ! and now I look about, With theſe
Some Ducks *too quack, nor does there want ſome Geeſe.*
Then higher, there I'vads, I think's an Owl, Looking to the Gallery
D'slife, and a Cuckoo, *ſitting Cheek by Jole.*
That Region always breeds ſuch kind of Fowl.
But hold! What's yonder in that Glorious Sphear? Looking to the Boxes
Oh, thoſe muſt needs be Swans, *they are ſo fair*
If part of them were ſwimming in the Thames,
Lord ! How *ſome here, I need not tell their Names,*
Would run and plunge, not fearing Cold or Cough,
And dive to pull their mourning Stockings off.
Thoſe Charming Rows, *ſince Beauty all muſt guide,*
I beg to range upon our Author's ſide.
Be you but kind, Bright Goddeſſes, *and then*
The reſt we're ſure of, whether Birds *or* Men.

The END.

The EPILOGUE.

Thide's a Snipe-fog who Jon Pleb admire?
A Rook too, and a Hawk: Thole are High-Flirs.
Bleis me! and now I look about, With thole
Some Ducks too quack, nor does there want Jome Geefe.
Then bigber, there Pwads, I think's an Owl, looking to the Gallery
D'rifle, and a Cuckoo, fitting Check by Jole.
That Region always breeds Juch kind of Fowl.
But bold! What's yonder in the Glorious Sphere? Looking to the Boxes
Oh, thole muft needs be Swans, they are Jo fair
If part of them were Jwimming in the Thames,
Lord! How Jome boys, I need not tell their Names,
Would run and plunge, not fearing Cold or Cough,
And dive to pull their mourning-Stockings off.
Thole Charming Rows, Jince Beauty all muft yield,
Je upon our Harbor's Side.
kind, Bright Goddeles, and then
The reft we're Jure of, whether Birds or Men.

The END.